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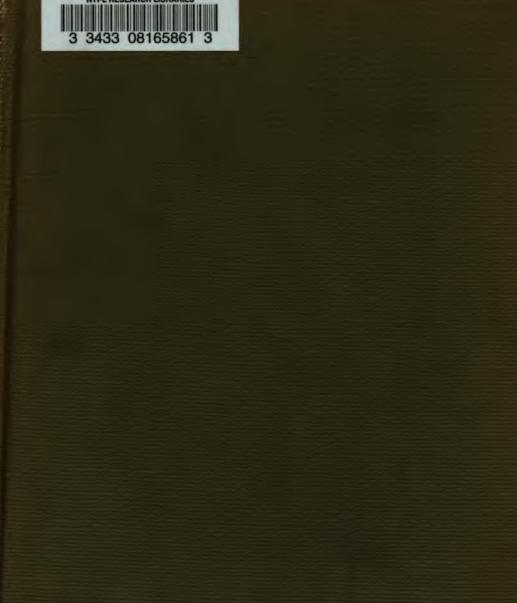
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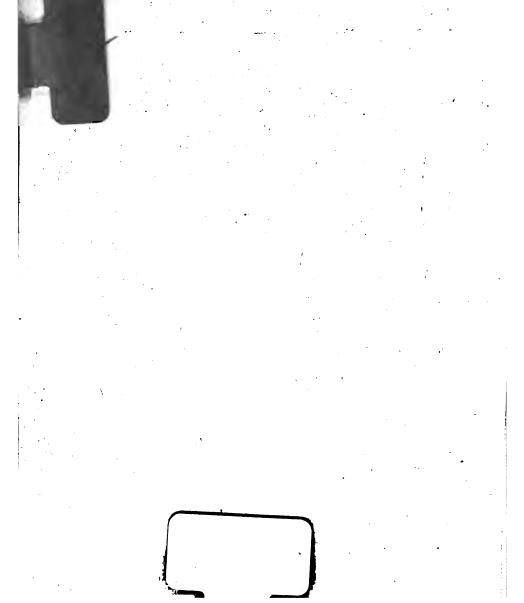
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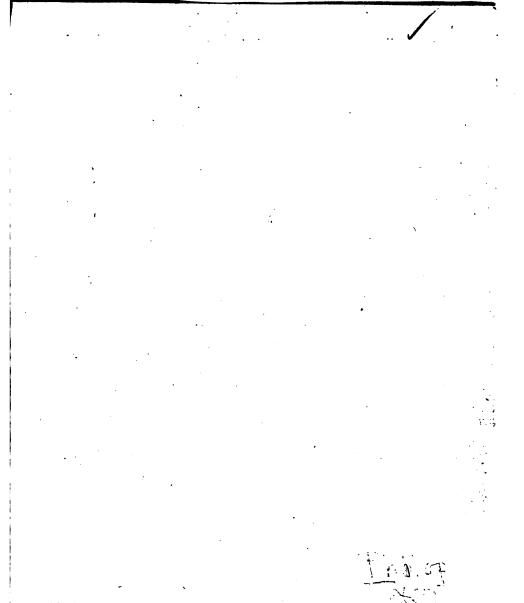
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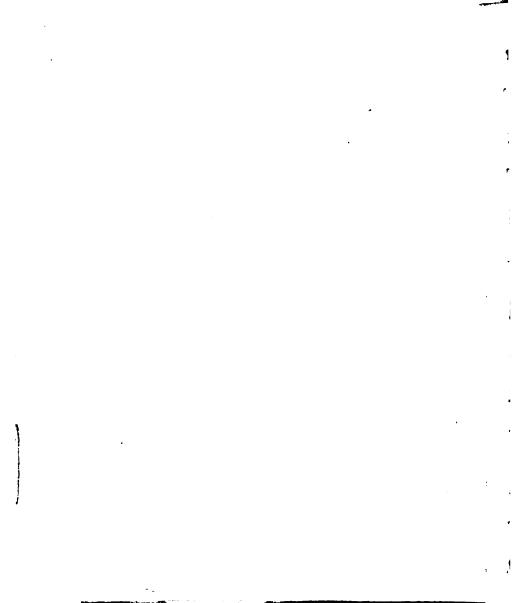
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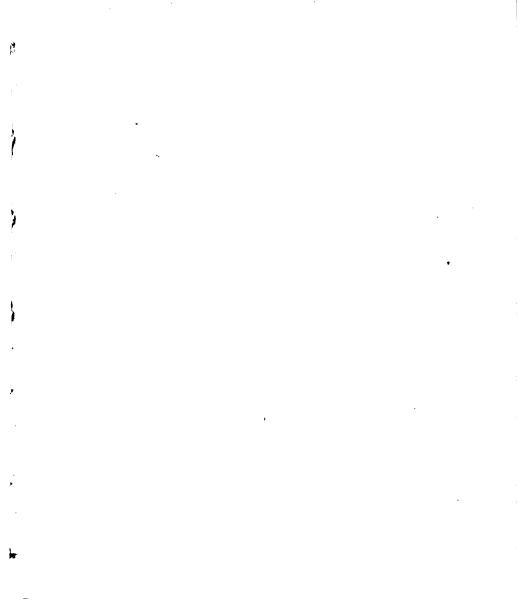
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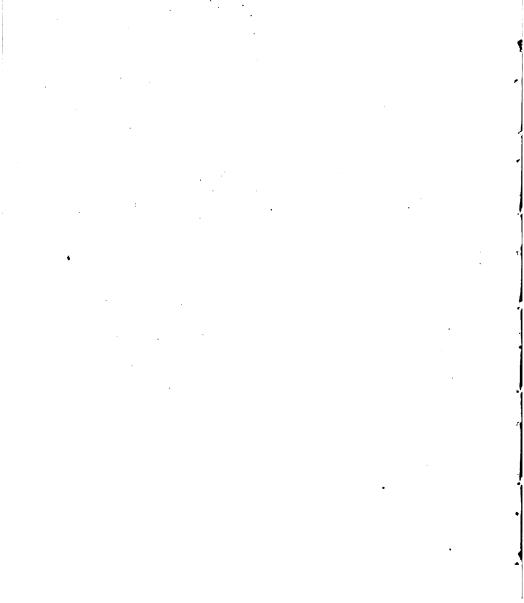






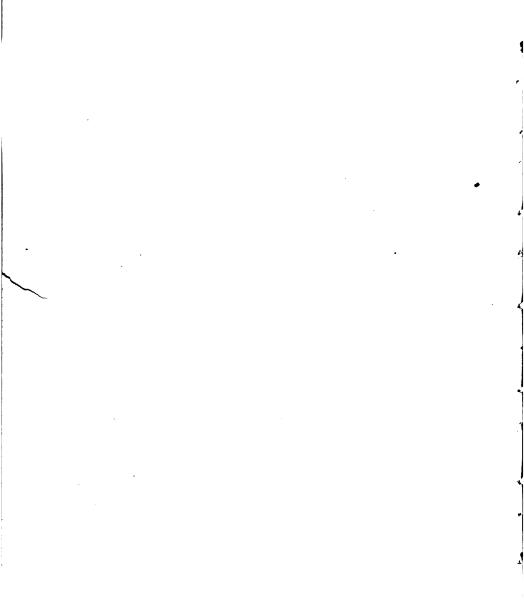






Philopolis
Volume Three

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Volume Three

A Monthly Magazine published at 1717 California St., San Francisco, California, for those who care

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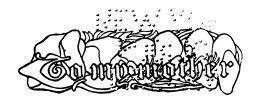
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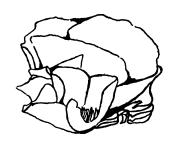
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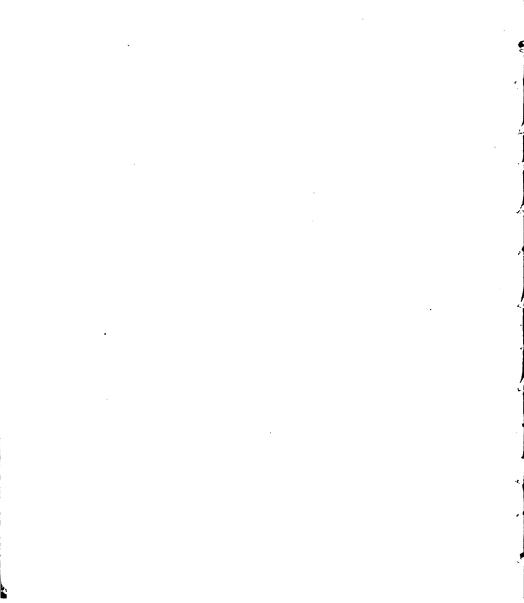




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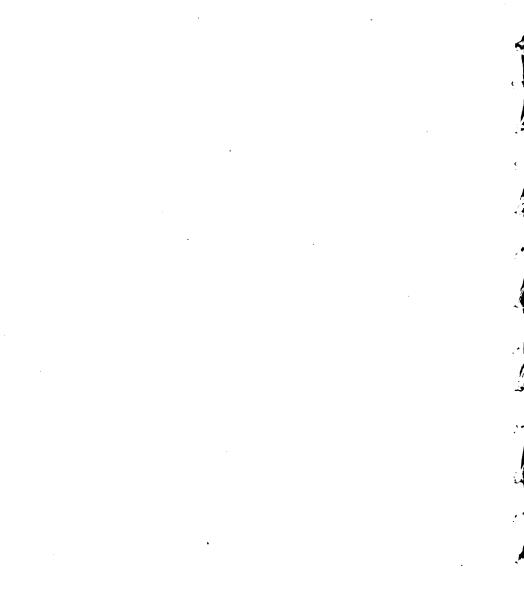
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If Wine and Musick have the Pow'r. To ease the sickness of the Soul:
Let Phoebus every String explore:
And Bacchus fill the sprightly Bowl.
Let Them their friendly Aid implore.
To make Cloes' absence light:
And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.



"IN WEAVING THE STORY OF IT INTO VERLASTING FABRIC"

VOL. III

OCTOBER 25, 1908

No. 1



Out of the Waste

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



DERNITY may not be picturesque, for it is in the province of the primitive only to be so blessed. Our blessing is the consciousness of the crudity of a rustic existence. We turn to the nomadic life out of whim, or dwell in rough places through the waste of

opportunities: still moderns are never picturesque, else they scent of the mimic world. Francois Villon, poet, and all around vagabond, would cut a poor figure in our life; but in his, he merely stands as a type of his time. History has never recounted the story of the arts. Only here and there do we catch a glimpse of a fragment—

a pretty story of a cave dweller carving his fancy on a bone with crude tools, the life of an idol of an hour, or a passing pageantry of a people. Archæologists turn over specimens of what remains of other people or eras, and make comparisons, formulate theories of the arts, or speculate on men's endeavors, but the story of the arts has never been told. And it will perhaps be so with the rebuilding of San Francisco—the real history of which may never be written — being thought either too trifling, or too much for the telling. Its destruction will be retailed down the length of time, and crime shall stand out in full relief, but its rehabilitation — or do I err? Are we truly on the verge of a new era, when it will be recognized that the arts have enabled men to escape a cave dwelling existence and presented them with riches? May the Recording Angel be blessed with a sweeter will than usual, and accredit us with a better desire than waiting on riches for the coming of the arts: and prophets prophesy that what we gather from the arts may not be squandered in the building of towers of babel. way perhaps the whole story of man's works may be written in a true history; and San Francisco will not have come out of the waste in vain.



ACK of the shop, in a little den all by itself, the dealer jealously kept more than one rug for his own pleasure. He loved the work of the eastern looms; and on the wall that day he had hung a narrow strip of carpet woven in marvels. From top to bottom, except for a yard of green,

it ran in a field of glowing depths. The pattern on the green was the same as on the ground above; so why the green? Knowing his rugs individually the dealer had a story for each, of exceptional quality, if you were pleasant enough to believe — were not so rude as to doubt in the midst of his choicest poesy and romance of the Orient. To the question the answer came: "a bit of the workmanship of a widow, perhaps, or of a woman who had lost a child." You know in some countries of the East green is the mourning color. Maybe the maker of that carpet, one day, came back to her loom grieved, so the change in the color of the field from red to green." This is not the beginning of a sentimental journey, nor a voyage into the realms of fancy. Far be it from any good American citizen to so far forget his practical,

unsentimental nature, as to plunge into romance and poetry of his own volition. By our faith we resign these to the softer sex—leave the frills and graces to them as befitting attributes. Still one may say, without losing caste, that between romance and prevarication there is a gulf as wide as the shores of the Pacific measure from one another: as far apart, indeed, are they, as the work of skilled human hands and the product of the automatic machine. And from here only the occasional individual will follow my trail. Therefore it matters little whether we dip in Oriental pools of strange suggestions, or merely trip along over the route of the common.



TTENDED, as modern industrial systems are, with irritating restrictions on individual initiative during the working day, it is often asked quite seriously whether the stimulus given mere mechanical effort and ingenious-

ness, and the strenuosity of our methods of doing business, are worth the price paid—the resigning of our capacity (collectively) to be good looking? The homeliness of more primitive civilizations (from our point of view) certainly does not reflect from modern systems.

Being neither picturesque nor having reached the classicism of academic culture, the American people are dubbed, as a rule, as an inartistic race—a race clever in mechanical devices, business like, practical, but quite devoid of the capacity to more than occupy itself with purely utilitarian works. How much of this criticism is only self flattery is beyond my ken; still we may fancy the most of it to be fathered by an unbecoming wish.

In every work there is a touch of the chance for playfulness, which if missed, the worker feels the full burden of toil. There is no dignity in labor in a chain gang. As said before, every mediæval church shows in its building a certain freedom of mind and hand not found in modern works of collective effort: and from this perhaps the worker of today looks more and more to the idle hour the hour of the cessation of work, for the culling of the fruits of labor—a very unpleasant condition from some

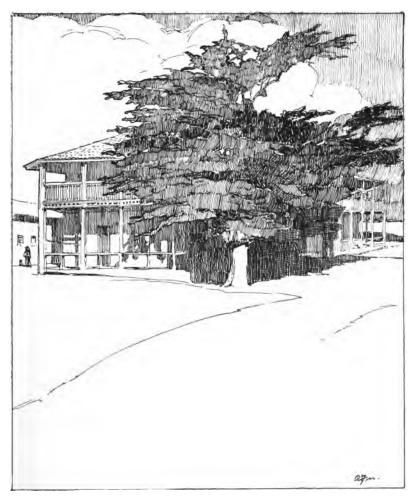
points of view, as it is bound to culminate in a greater desire for the commercial profits of exchange than for the appreciation accorded to a good day's work.



HEN it is stated, that the Italian people of the Renaissance Period did not accomplish what they are accredited with, because the Italians of that time were peculiarly artistic, but for the reason that the conditions were extremely favorable to the develop-

ment of all the capacity in this direction they possessed, and that in America, and under modern systems, all conditions are the reverse, one may not expect to be quickly and clearly understood.

We are fathered by conditions and our preceptors are given to educating us out of our natural environments into impossible states of ideality. In our day the "Fine Arts" are baked in eleemosynary schools and institutions and the "common ones" left to chill among amateurs and uninterested laborers. Of late years, by "common consent", these latter are flattered a little by the ultra fine, but the caress appears rather cold when we hear the machine art spoken of as the art of the people, "because it's cheap". Is it cheap? Is anything of no intrinsic value cheap at any price: and is the price of these productions cheap in our markets? Is it not nearer the truth that we accept an error of statement as a true

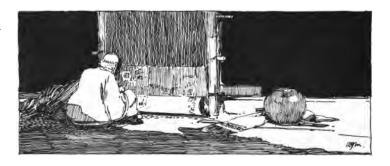


THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE PRIMITIVE DOES NOT REFLECT FROM OUR WORKS.

one, without investigation, and in doing so unwittingly stand in the way of better things?

To the sentimentalist the widow weaving her rug in the far East, and tipping it with green for grief, is a pretty story; but to some others there is a larger substance—a deeper moral—in the possibilities which might offer themselves to skilled workers with opportunity for a like freedom of action.

There is no expensive plant behind the hand loom, nor is there any interest to pay on large investments: so the world may guess, but there is doubt that it will ever prove the hand woven rug to be more expensive than the other sort.





UR far reaching and insidious industrial systems—systems, while quite rational and economical in the production of staples, or common articles of everyday consumption, approach the absurd and wasteful, and are anything but satisfactory the moment they

extend their influence beyond the bounds of utilitarianisms. Perfection in duplication and regularity of movement is the highest ideal modern industrial methods may hope for; and in this the individual is submerged; so in the ultimate the exceptional workman is lost to us completely, even where the exceptional is the prime motive of a work. All such, as producers, must yield to the average perforce of conditions. For a carver to give way to the impulse to cut a line a little deeper, or give it a more subtle twist than a pattern shows, means a departure from the model; and a departure from the model only insures a misfit in a gross of chairs, or other things, of factory productions. What weaver, to-day, would dare arrest the click of the automatic loom, and change the scarlet yarn to black - even for grief. "Sentimentality?"—No, it is nearer a statement of dry, economic fact, a fact with a somewhat different aspect, perhaps.

but nevertheless the same which England sighted in the fifties of the last century. At that time it was discovered that French textile fabrics of a like weave and quality of materials brought better prices than the English goods, for the reason that the designs and colors were better. In the game of commercial exchange England was losing, as she was putting an equal amount of her energy and raw materials into her productions. To correct this inequality with her neighbor, the South Kensington School of Art, and Museum were established; but it was found eventually that the school had little of effect. Still English demand for home productions, and individual initiative, stimulated so, lead towards improvement. In the meantime the inefficiency of the South Kensington Art School prompted an investigation, and the institution was discovered to be under the domination of retired naval officers, rather than being, as it should have been, controlled by skilled workers — a very unfortunate state of affairs, surely. Still the peculiar influence has extended itself to America; and ever since one. White, succeeded in introducing an abbreviated South Kensington system of "Art Culture" within our public schools, this curiosity has, as it were, dribbled through every channel of our

"Art Culture," but as yet it appears not to have affected our stomachs seriously.



ABOR Unions are a direct outgrowth of modern industrial systems, and while the dictum of Socialism, that "the modern artizan does not own his tools where his predecessor did own them," is not strictly correct, it is true that the skilled worker of

today does toil and produce (or rather reproduce) in a far more restricted environment than those of former times.

All feel the restraint. Even the rich man feels some unseen force always catching him, so to say, by the coat tails and the breathing into his ear of the warning: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther". It is the system, but it shall not endure. The electric motor, and the ease of distributing power from a large central plant is enough to redirect our systems of production. Where the exceptional individual or industry succeeds in working out its salvation in the face of an antagonistic system, the system has to give way, for it is only the exceptional that is voluntary and persistent.

AN FRANCISCO has never insisted upon being positively ugly. Deep down in the heart there has always been the desire to have a comely appearance; but the City has been unfortunate. And in the memory

of such misfortune it came quite natural, at the end of those days when the cup of misfortune seemed to be drained to the dregs, that the inhabitant should first think of an ugly city, in San Francisco resurrected. The dead load of new, unknown responsibilities, and the incomprehensible weight of masses of wrecked materials which choked the streets seemed too much for humanity to struggle from under, and yet retain even the semblance of pleasant habitations. Beauty apparently was dethroned; and on every side men said to one another, "Not for another twenty years shall we know good looks or a pleasant environment". "Labor shall be King!"so they said. "But where was labor, in a sufficiency, to come from to be a potent king"? Still as we now look backward over those two years and a six months, 'twere folly to say "Labor was King!" Dont err, I have seen the horses stumbling, bruised and worn, over debris, and men toiling in blinding, eating whirlwinds of lime dust,

and know that each has earned his wage, no matter what the rate. It was rough play, but a distinct victory for modern systems. Ingeniousness, and our mechanical devices, of the labor saving kind, rather than human labor—of the pick and shovel—made the feat possible. Still in the presence of this more bulky work and all that it teaches, we are not to overlook the smaller and perhaps the greater endeavor.



HAT San Francisco has not reformed itself on strictly utilitarian lines, has not forgotten a certain comeliness, as an essential to every work, is but a proof that the inhabitant still retains a compressed aspiration, as it were,

to be more than utilitarian. From the time the laugh met the first queerly shaped loaf baked in an improvised oven amidst the ruins, the sign of hope hung over the city. Regardless of the cracked voices, sounding from every street corner, and prophesying disasters yet to come, the people gathered courage from the quietness of others. Since then there has been trouble and enough; and at times the basic principle of our institutions, that law is for the protection of the decent and innocent, rather

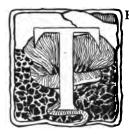
than an arm for the execution of the devil has almost escaped us. But that the masterpiece comes slowly out of the distant harmony of creation seems to have been generally observed, and therewith the inhabitant has shown something of the patience of Job and the energy of consuming fires. And in any critical estimate of rehabilitated San Francisco—its worthiness as a supreme effort—it is not to be questioned without questioning the whole of modernity and American institutions. Our failures are mainly the failures of modern systems; our successes are our own: for the working of system is ultimately dependent for success upon the master hand the hand of the exceptional individual. In the rebuilding of the city, entered the heart of the people; it was their heart's throb which enabled individuals to accomplish the seemingly impossible. The people resolved to take any mischance smilingly, and they smiled: they sat in the great seat of common justice, and judged mutely but justly; they were resolved, so the city grew and grows apace.

And if the Fates, in weaving the story of it into everlasting fabrics, have woven many strange blots and ugly contrasts, it may never be said by the critic in the future,

that San Francisco was rebuilded in ugliness. The dreams of the visionary, neither in hideous nor in the beautiful, have come true, still there are good looks in the reality, and there is merit in so much as in what is avoided in every work.



BEING NEITHER CLASSIC IN CULTURE NOR PICTURESQUE.



HE Fine Arts should grow out of the soil naturally, in the open and under the care of a good gardener, and not like a potato in a cellar, sprouting lean and pale in the stalk. All those periods we are wont to refer to as peculiarly happy in their flowering seasons' become so, more or less, as

spontaneous growths; the little care they received being given more through some secondary desire of society than through any conscious seeking for the Arts. True that the individual will strive, in any condition, for the exceptional; but this is not germane to the point. We are speaking of general—racial or collective—efforts. Since the establishment of the academic school of art, in the seventeenth century, these have reacted, unfavorably, very often, on any natural impulse a people may have exhibited, and if the unsympathetic surrounding of modern industrialism are placed fairly together with academic influence, it is readily perceived why modern art in bulk is most ruthless constructively, and yet, quite satisfied with its want of imagination. For creative force the sensational is substituted. Where there is a want in

freshness of vision, novelty takes the place. We build "Mission Moorish" houses, and live in them, as if a display of poverty in architectural design means a return to simplicity and purity of taste. It were folly indeed to suppose that illustrations of Cowboys and Digger Indians are a sign of the western art to come. Truly speaking, these might exhibit all the narrow provincialism of Paris art, and none of the sweeping breadth and cosmopolitanism of California. All the history of the Arts and their accomplishments lie either before or behind us. These works and inspirations are ours—to take or leave alone.

California's Art Spirit is the spirit that moved men always. The Navajo woman weaving her blanket is not so different from the weaver of the far East, except that the weaver of the latter distance sometimes attained a broader vision of art.

Our illy assimilated institutions of art and foreign influence (if one may say that anything is foreign in art), only aggravates the spirit coming in our own cradle—this spirit being the desire to have and accomplish coupled with the power of perception and conception. That California possesses these it would be useless to deny. Every people has its arts. The

Digger Indian had his, so why should we not have ours?

In answer to the question — "Why is there no more evidence of it?"— one can only guess that some one has looked in the wrong direction for such evidence. We are not necessarily a crude community by reason of locality. The Californian is not a man of very limited experience, provincial to the last degree. He travels about. The artist of San Francisco is almost, without exception, trained — or partially trained — in what are assumed to be cosmopolitan schools—those of Europe. Presuming he has absorbed the knowledge of the Old World, what attitude is he to assume on his return to his nativity? Shall he reduce his estimate of the Art, and yield himself to be planted in a cellar to grow long and pale in the stalk like a potato cultivated that way, or shall he insist on growing apace and continuing a course of self education under God's roof?

Foreign art, indigenous art, what are they? If they are not both of extreme provincialism they are most inefficient in accomplishment. As one has said: "A small community, isolated from other communities by accident of position, often comes to believe that its way of doing



STRAIGHT FRONT CORSAGE AND MISSION MOORISH STYLE MAKE STRANGE CONTRASTS.

things is the way of the world. . . . There is as genuine a provincialism in Paris as in the remotest frontier town. The man who believes the habits and speech of the boulevard are the ultimate habits and speech, is as vulgar as he who accepts the manners of the mining camp as the finalities of human expression and intercourse."

"Men really live only as they express themselves through thought, emotion and action. They get at the deepest truths and enter into the deepest relationships only as they act. Inaction involves something more than the disease and decay of certain faculties; it involves the deformity of arrested development, and failure to enter into that larger world of truth which is open to those races alone which live a whole life."

"The Lady of Shalott, sitting in her bower, saw the whole world go by." "In the mirror of the imagination not only the world of today, but the entire movement of human life moves before the eye as the things of living men move on the street. For the imagination is the real magician. It is the real power, of which all material powers are very inadequate symbols. Rarely taken into account by teachers, largely ignored by educational

systems and philosophies, it is the divinest of all the powers which men are able to put forth, because it is the creative power."

And they ask if California has the spirit of art within her.



HAT we have among us those of so little faith in humanity, and withal so little of imagination, that they believed San Francisco could not rise again, is too true. That there are those among us who believe that

our spirit is to express itself in an ultimate Digger Indian with a tendency towards the cowboy lingo, and a little drawing and poetry is also true. But what would you have? Being educated—cultured in the Fine Arts—in that most provincial of artistic centers, the "Gay Paris", and by the "South Kensington Art School" system, provincialism comes quite natural, particularly if it has a strong foreign accent—Navajo or French. But this is only generalization. Personally, I have but little faith in "The Universal Art", and none at all in local, or the racial species. for the simple reason that generalization is mostly gas, and localization in art is usually sprouted

from imported potatoes — not very well planted, and uncultivated.

A plea for an indigenous art is very like praying for rain: nothing comes of it but tears and cries. What we really should plead for, and pray for, is an indigenous criticism, a criticism not saturated with all the pettiness and poses of the Old World.

Every time I go down the street and gaze upon the buildings and crowds, the incongruities of our modern art and fashion fads meet me full in the face. Mission Boorish architectural effects with the squirming swirls and worms over the eaves of houses and streaks of bitter galvanized tears streaming o'er walls, in the "Art Nouveau Style," make strange contrasts with straight front corset and directoire costumes. One dares not look up too much, out of modesty, out of a gentle appreciation of good drawing and forms. Color! there is no color; color has long since given place to flaming paint. Still we did not invent the fence poster: it is not indigenous; neither have we invented the styles of architecture we use, or abuse — they are mostly out of the books, and minus the drawing of originals.

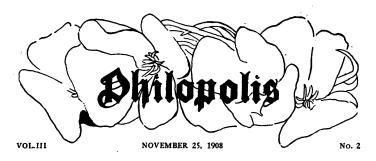


ne man. when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has produced its proper fruit.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.



Philopolis
1908



The Call of the Children

BY ANNA PRATT SIMPSON



HETHER or not the streets of the new San Francisco shall be wider or better than they were before the fire; whether or not the buildings shall be made of this, that or the other material; whether or not the City Hall dome shall be restored or sent to the scrap heap; whether or not the hospitals shall be

more comfortable or the parks more beautiful—these are small matters compared with the most vital of all issues, the care and disposition of the delinquent and dependent children.

It is true that this question is now, and has been for

the last five or six years, the concern of a few people, but they have had to pray for strength and patience to keep up their splendid work in the face of public ignorance apathy and inertia. Every inch of progress made in this cause has been fought for, and there is many a battle ahead for those enlisted in the development of the little handicapped citizens, the youngsters fated by environment to become dependents, but who can easily be developed into valuable assets of the community.

OMETHING more than a decade ago in San Francisco, a gently-bred, low-voiced woman, Mrs. Eva Bates, called on the City Architect, who had just completed the plans of the Hall of Justice—now no more—and asked him what provision he had made for the women and children in its prison, which was being heralded as "model".

"None", he replied, after a moment's hesitation.

It had never occurred to this man that upon him rested any obligation other than to make the city prison as decent a place as its uses permitted. In the plans and specifications, there was no call for a consideration of the humanities. After he had set tradition aside and put

the prison on the top floor of the building instead of in the basement. he thought only of sanitation, of the handling of lights, the best kind of bolts and bars and the patent locking devices. To him, prisoners were prisoners, people to be securely confined. Their age or sex, their guilt or innocence, were completely ignored. Like the city officials who employed him to plan and to draw, he did not trouble himself about any sociological questions incident to the contamination of the young in Within everyone's memory, boys arrested for whatever crime or for no crime, had been put in the most convenient cells, and this notwithstanding the fact that one or more confirmed criminals shared with them the sickening cell gloom. Every contrivance of the law seemed to work for the degradation of the delinquent children.

One day at the old County Jail on Broadway, I saw segments of four boy's faces at the small wicket of one of the cells. Inquiry of the chief jailer elicited the information that they were "awaiting trial" for some misdemeanor and had been in jail fifteen weeks because they could not give bail and because there was no judge ready to try them. That same day, I saw a man charged with

crime occupying a comfortable sunny room in the front of the building.

It was with a knowledge of such things that Mrs. Bates called upon the City Architect. To his credit, be it recorded, that he made the asked-for changes, and so it came about that when the Hall of Justice was turned over to the authorities, one section of the prison, quite apart from the others, was set aside for the unfortunate women and children.

Today the California Club and the Local Council of Women are doing what Mrs. Bates dreamed of and really commenced. Their accomplishments have become monumental, but it remains for the municipality to develop to their highest efficiency the various situations created. While handling the effects of wretched conditions surrounding too large a percentage of the children, these organizations have gone back to the causes of the trouble and are trying to change them. The California Club demonstrated the efficacy of public playgrounds and the city as promptly as possible assumed the responsibility of this phase of the work for children. In the light of the complexities of rebuilding, commendable progress has been made along this line of endeavor. The Local



FROM PAINTIRG BY JEAN B. S. CHARDIN, 1690-1770

Council of Women worked for the opening of the school yards after school hours, so that the children of the neighborhood could play there under judicious direction. At the time of the fire an experiment along this line had grown into a significant success. With the return of normal and prosperous civic conditions, these educational movements will not be neglected.

But there is other work just at hand. Too few people know that the money needed for the bolstering up of the execllent work of the Juvenile Court is being supplied by clubwomen. Their best efforts do not bring money enough to secure the required number of probation officers, without whom the policies of the Juvenile Court cannot be carried out. An inadequate Detention Home provided by the city means that there will be no more wan faces of boys peering through prison wickets, but it means also that under present conditions, the best results cannot be obtained.

When the enactment was secured providing for the Juvenile Court it was because the people back of it did not ask for an appropriation. They wanted the experiment made without the interference of politics and knew that if the law carried with it a few salaried positions,

that would not be possible. Now the time has come when the municipality and the state should take over the financial responsibility of the Juvenile Courts and its attendant outside work.

It is only a question of time when this issue will come before the people. Individuals or organizations cannot carry it on indefinitely. They should not be allowed to do so, for there is nothing so important to the state as the making of good citizens.

This appeal, then, is to the people for a better understanding of all phases of the work of the Juvenile Court. When an adequate appropriation shall have been made for the care of the delinquent and dependent children, those appropriations now made for reform schools and prisons may be cut in two.



VOL. III

NOVEMBER 25, 1908

No. 2





OU have always to find your artist, not to make him. A certain quantity of art intelligence is born annually in every nation, greater or less according to the cultivation and intelligence of the nation; but a perfectly fixed quantity annually, not to be increased by a grain. You may lose it, or you

"may gather it; but never increase it. It is easily enough discovered. To wish to employ it is to discover it. All that is needed is a school of trial; but this school must not be entirely regulated by formal laws of art education; but must ultimately be the work shop of the good master painter, who will try the lad with one form of art and then another until he finds what he is good for."

These words of Ruskin should be written in fine gold



FROM WATER COLOR PAINTING BY FRANK J. McCOMAS

tracery on the walls of every "Art Institution" the world is blessed or encumbered with. "Institutes" are given to falling into the error that they are sources of artistic supply—are the mothers of artists, rather than occupying the menial position of mid-wives.

In America the "institution of art is invariably founded upon the suspicion that art is a luxury, and that the practice of the arts, in view of the first proposition, is not a part of the economy of a well regulated household. So deep has this fallacy entered into the makeup of common opinion that it is not at all unusual to hear persons of fair intelligence and culture enunciate the platitude that America is a rich country, one of boundless natural resources and, which may safely eschew the practice, or cultivation of the arts within its own boundaries." "We are rich, limitlessly so; therefore we can well afford to acquire all the external attributes of refinement and culture from foreign source"—so they say. Consequently we are to expect the "American Art Institution" to ultimately preoccupy itself with the acquisition of objects of imported art and become self-centered and indifferent to its immediate environments: for an institution will always remodel itself in accordance with the

strongest expression of popular opinion - that is to say, it will always accept what it believes to be the ideal of the community it exists in or subsists upon, as the divine one. Your true politician is pro or anti injunction according to where his dinner pail rests. Every institution gathers its politics and politicians; and I never knew a politician yet who has not ultimately ignored the the old adage (or is it old): "He who neglecteth the duty at the door and chaseth glory far afield, comes back to sit on the threshold of his own ruins." No man is so unwise as the farmer who turns his back to his own pastures with their illimitable possibilities, and engages himself in speculations on the probabilities that his neighbor will find a poor market for the products of his industry. The idleness of the one is the advantage of the other. The folly of fools only raises the wise to the mountain.

Each time I passed the ruins of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art during those twelve months after the fire and stopped to chat with John, who had been placed in charge of the ashes of former glories, the conviction that the San Francisco Art Association and the California School of Design would ultimately be buried under a new creation, took stronger hold. So when a pamphlet

reached me stating (somewhat vaguely) that the Association was about to build, as a final effort in its honorable career, no nerve racking pains came. We were all prepared for the inevitable; and now every time we pass the gilt lettered legend lifted above the burial place of the School and Association we count the cost of each gilt letter.

Mind, it has not been said that a new and glorious School and Association may not be built over the incinerated bodies of the old; neither have we any prejudices against the legend "The San Francisco Institute of Art." All the energy of our resentment is directed towards the terms "Annual Artists" and "Annual Water or Oil Colors." We believe art to be perpetual. The ephemeral and art have no relationship. It is only the Association and the School which lie cold, stark and still under the gilt legend, as you may see in the legend itself. The art still lives and winks in the midst of the new as it lived and twinkled among the old titles. Now, as the present writer has never wittingly led the Association of old, or any of its real or fancied authorities, into the belief that the Association was any better or worse than it should have been, it is not to be expected that a change

in title and personnel there is to lead to a change of opinion. What the Board of Directors of the Association is sworn to and required to do is plainly written in its Society's constitution. This instrument does not say the trustees shall purchase works of art, but that it may: it does not make it obligatory to hold a good exhibition (of local) painting and sculpture annually, but merely states that there must be at least one such affair per year -good, bad or indifferent. On the other hand the establishment of an Art Institution, avowedly organized for the purpose of fostering and encouraging the fine arts of painting and sculpture is morally bound to maintain its avowed purpose, which includes no color of a right to insist that artists are morally bound to support its pretensions, or acts. So the final test of an "Art Institution" rests in its capacity to retain the confidence of the interests it professes to foster and protect. For it to confess that it can not retain such confidence, and is ill supported in its activities, or that the artists are indifferent to its efforts, all goes to prove, not the unworthiness of artists, etc., but the unworthiness of the organization.



HAT we may start fair in the new artistic era of San Francisco—that there shall be no error as to which, the artists of San Francisco or the "Association", holds the honor of the old state—it should be known gen-

erally and quite publicly, that the San Francisco Art Association has always stood merely as a guarantee that the California School of Design and a proper place for the exhibition of the works by California artists would be maintained, both in times of weal and woe. The constitution of this Society does not say that it, through its Board of Trustees, shall purchase works of art or support the school financially. Therefore when it is said that the Association has never gone an inch beyond the letter of its obligation, has never expended a dollar in the purchase of works of art, has always charged an admission fee to its exhibitions, and has received some thousands of dollars more in tuition fees from art students than it has expended in maintaining the school, it is to be understood that such statement of fact, easily verified, is not necessarily an adverse criticism of the Association, but a gentle reminder that the institution



AN ENGLISH COTTACE FROM. WATER COLOR DRAWING BY FRANK J. McCOMAS.

owes everything it possesses, and all that it has been, to the public and artists of San Francisco.

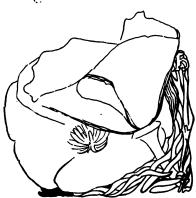
The properties called the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art are a trust accepted by the San Francisco Art Association; the School was a trust; and every dollar received in tuition fees from the School, every quarter received at its door, and every cent received in membership fees were trust funds; therefore in conjunction with the advertised purposes of the Society, all it possessed on April 18, 1906, belonged virtually to the artists of San Francisco. Merely because we understand and admit that all such interests, funds and properties are held in trust for the general benefit, rather than for individual profits, does not alter the moral obligations of the trust-eeship.

To make the matter quite clear it should always be borne in mind that all the properties, interests, funds and powers conferred on the San Francisco Art Association by the public in general and the artists in particular, are to be devoted to the discovery, education and protection of the artists of California.

HE Association was a jealous Association, and its founders, judging from its constitution, were an acute and jealous body; for the said instrument (if memory is not exceedingly treacherous) does not allow its

managing board to enter into contracts involving a sum greater than one thousand dollars. It also provides that the School shall be directed by a Committee, the majority of which shall consist of artists in the practice of their professions. The powers of the Board then were restricted to the office of custodian of funds, etc., and administrator of the routine affairs of the Association only, as a society. In 1898 the Board instructed the School Committee that the School must pay its own way. The irony of the order came immediately in evidence when the Board was informed that the School not only paid its own bills, but also a part of the salaries of employees of the Association proper. Under an exceedingly weak leadership the Board of Directors practically moved the School Committee off the checker board: so nothing was more natural than that this Committee should disappear entirely after the fire of April 18, 1906,

an incident referred to here merely to make it perfectly evident that there are better grounds for criticising the act of the Directorate of the San Francisco Institute of Art than the insinuation that it is or has but a poor artistic sensibility. And this is precisely what we told the enquiring reporter of the press; it is a sorry and a worn out game to run to the press with the complaint that the Directorate of the sign post on California Street Hill is a bad art critic. The sign itself and the posters outside the gates are enough in evidence, that the Institution is not occupying itself in the discovery of artistic intelligence: but is engaged in proving the everlasting truth that the founders of the San Francisco Art Association were wiser than the Directorate of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art ever imagined itself to be.





IC-TAC, tic-tac, came on the window of the humble dwelling of the family. "What's that?" said papa. A titter rippled through the young brood, a new generation of bubonic carriers. Mamma squealed under the breath, in memory of the sad havoc played by the two legged white monsters among her relatives in the past. "Poisoners again," she breathed, "or is it ghosts?" The youngsters tittered again, for it was Halloween.

(From outside) Voices—"The Emperor William is engaged with important affairs with the Reichstag, and the President is explaining why Taft was elected, and the Mayor is hunting street obstructions; come out and play, for the coast is clear".

POPPY.— Wasn'nt that a shame to call the Kaiser the head servant of the German people. These Socialists are a bad mannered lot!"

PAPA RODENT. -- "Where's the Board of Health?"

Voice—"Oh, they are business men; that's all right."

MAIDEN BEE.—"By the way, has that collection of pictures, etc., given to the people of San Francisco by the French gentleman arrived yet? We might go and see them."

VOICE.—Arrived! don't you know? Why it will cost ten cents for car fare and a quarter to get a glimpse of them; and we so poor."

RAT.—"I didn't know about that, the Park Commissioners may appeal the case."

Puss.—"That's so. Did you ever hear of the case in Boston, much like this, but decided by the Supreme Court somewhat differently. A Boston philanthropist, and as the story goes, a very absent minded person, left a will giving fifty thousand dollars to the Sailors Aid Society of that town, or rather he thought he left such a will. But, by some twist of the pen, he wrote Sailors Relief Society. So the will got into the courts. The Sailors Relief Society got the money."

Voices.—"What an outrage, and the Boston gentleman, you say, never heard of the Sailors Relief Society. Oh! la, la, these Supreme Courts."

Puss.—"Wait a moment. The two societies were both

private institutions and interested equally in the same poor sailors. Therefore so long as the poor sailors got the money—the words "Aid" and "Relief" being side issues—the decision was morally correct; for as you are perhaps aware at some other time a man might leave a will not written in absent-mindedness, and yet a whole host of claimants not mentioned might spring up—see."

FAIR POPPY.—"Wise judges, oh! wise puss."

Busy Bee.—"Can a corporation be a Museum, and an Art School not an Art School, or an Art Association an Art Museum of San Francisco?"

RAT.—"That depends upon how many fossil remains they have gathered."

BOBBY.—"Oh! did you see in the paper that a State, according to a recent decision of the Supreme Court, has the right to segregate races in the school? Kentucky did it and the Court says its all right."

RAT.—Aw! Hengstler told us all about that in the Philopolis, ages ago, Only, he said if a modest little race had a tin navy that had just licked the crockery ships of another fellow, the Supreme Court of the United States might have nothing to say about it. The President might scare and send to Kentucky for the Board of Education."

BOBBY (sotto voce).—"I wonder if the Mayor has found the street obstruction on the corner of Fell and Fillmore streets?"

RAT.—"Aw! the Board of Works will see to that, or perhaps the Health Department."

ROOSTER.—"Ho ha who hu who-o—cock a doodle doo."

RAT.—"Ghosts talk—and I hear strange things—to
our secret chambers—the poisoners may be about."



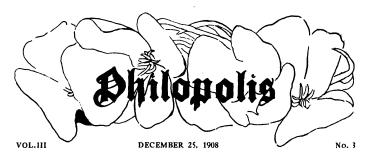
Serenely full, the epicure would say.

Fate cannot harm me.— I have dined today.

Sydney Smith



MADONNA AND CHILD



Dream of a Picture Gallery.

JOSEPH ADDISON



HEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors. I
frequently make a little party with two
or three select friends, to visit anything curious that may be seen under
covert. My principal entertainments
of this nature are pictures, insomuch
that when I have found the weather

set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a louring countenance, I withdraw myself from

these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination. that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision. than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, coloring and designing. On the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceedingly slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this



DOMESTIC SCENE. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE..

part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The toujouas gai appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy councillors. In a word, all his men were petits maitres, and all his women coquettes. The drapery of his figures was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colors that could be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavored to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name, that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantasque, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying

dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colors. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature. who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully labored. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, 'Fire.'

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable

on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every color it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view on one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once: for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Corregio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their



BOY WITH SWORD,

being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colors, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.

Michael Angelo

TO VITTORIA COLONNA



CANNOT but admire," said Vittoria Colonna to Michael Angelo, "the manner in which you withdraw yourself from the world, from useless conversation, and from all the offers of princes, who desire paintings from your hand,—how you avoid it all, and how you have dis-

posed the labor of your whole life as one single great work."

"Gracious lady,' replied Michael Angelo, 'these are undeserved praises; but, as the conversation has taken this turn, I must here complain of the public. A thousand silly reproaches are brought against artists of importance. They say that they are strange people, that they are not to be approached, that there is no bearing with them. No one, on the contrary, can be so natural and human as great artists. But they persist in saying

(I am not speaking of the few people who think rationally) that they are whimsical and strange. This charge, however, is least consistent with the nature of a painter. It is true, painters have certain peculiarities, especially here in Italy, where the painting is better than anywhere else in the world; but how should an artist, absorbed in his work, take from it time and thought to drive away other people's ennui? There are few enough who do what they have to do with perfect conscientiousness. But he who belongs to these few will understand why it is not easy to deal sometimes with great artists. Their arrogance, certainly, is not to blame for this. But how rarely do they meet with a mind capable of understanding ideas, if they enter into commonplace conversation which diverts from their own deep thoughts? I can assure you, His Holiness himself often perplexes me, when he asks me why I do not oftener show myself. I believe I can be more useful to him, and can serve him more conscientiously, by remaining at home than by appearing in the palace for every triffle. I generally reply to such questions from His Holiness, by saying that I prefer to work for him after my own fashion, instead of parading before him like others all day, and not stirring a hand."

"It is just in this that princes should be most forbearing. As regards the pope, after a time, the importance of the work which he has commissioned me to complete, has given me such a freedom towards him, that in conversation, sometimes, I put my felt hat here on my head, without thinking, and speak openly. And it never occurs to him to have my head cut off for this; on the contrary, he lets me live as I like, and it is just at such moments that I serve him most zealously. Of course, if any blockhead were to fancy being quite alone, not having a human being near, and call this the true enjoyment of life, his friends would justly let him go; and the world, with good reason, would condemn him: but not to let an artist indulge in quiet, who lives solitarily, because his object in life obliges it, or because he will utter no false expressions, and who, besides, demands nothing from any one, is the greatest injustice. Why wish to make him, by force, take part in killing time? He needs quiet. There is mental work which demands the whole man, and leaves not the smallest part of his soul free to give up to any. Had he so much leisure time as you have, he would be driven to death if he did not fill it up exactly as you do, — with obeisances and other usages of courtesy. If, however,

you break in upon him, and praise him only for the sake of honoring yourself, and seek his company because you are proud of it, he must please you as he is. If pope and emperor speak with him, be satisfied. I say, an artist, who, instead of satisfying the highest demands of his art, tries to suit himself to the great public; who has nothing strange or peculiar in his personal exterior, or rather what the world calls so, — will never become an extraordinary mind. It is true, as regards the ordinary race of artists, we need take no lantern to look for them: they stand at the corner of every street throughout the world, ready for all who seek them."

The marchesa smiled. "Since we have come so far as that, I should like to know what you think of the Netherland painting. It seems to me more religious in its character than the Italian."

"The Netherland painting," replied the master slowly, "will suit in general all who call themselves religious, more than the Italian will do. The Netherland works will bring tears to their eyes, when ours leave them cold. The cause, however, does not lie in the power of those paintings, but in the weakly sensibilities of those who allow themselves to be thus affected. The Netherland



A CAVALIER OF MALTA.

Giorgio Barbarelli Giorgione

painting suits old women and young girls, ecclesiastics, nuns, and people of quality, who have no feeling for the true harmony of a work of art. The Netherlanders endeavor to attract the eye. They represent favorite and agreeable subjects, - saints and prophets, of whom no ill can be said. They use drapery, wood-work, landscapes with trees and figures, whatever strikes as pretty, but which possesses in truth nothing of genuine art in itself, and where neither inward symmetry nor careful selection and true greatness is involved. In short, it is a painting without meaning and power. But I will not say that they paint worse than elsewhere. What I blame in the Netherland painting is, that in one picture a multitude of things are brought together, one of which would be important enough to fill an entire picture. None, however, can thus be completed in a satisfactory manner. The works that come from Italy can alone be called genuine works of art. Italian art, therefore, is the true art. If they painted thus elsewhere, the art might equally well be denominated after any land where it is thus executed. True art is made noble and religious by the mind producing it. For, for those who feel it, nothing makes the soul so religious and pure as the endeavor to create

something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives after it, is striving after something divine. True painting is only an image of the perfection of God, a shadow of the pencil with which He paints, a melody, a striving after harmony. A lively intelligence, however, can alone feel wherein the difficulty lies. And therefore is this art so rare, and so few are they who attain it.

"Our art is that of ancient Greece; not because it is somewhat Italian, but because it is good and correct. We say, That is painted as if an Italian had done it; and whoever attained to this without having painted in Italy, would still be called so. Art belongs to no land; it comes from Heaven. We, however, possess it: for nowhere has the old empire left behind such distinct traces of its glory as with us; and with us I believe, true art will set."



VOL. III

DECEMBER 25, 1908

No. 3



O Mr. Frederick Yates. that sincere and energetic artist and teacher, belongs the honor of establishing the first mixed life class, with any sincerity or energy behind it, in San Francisco; but the newspapers,

instigated by, no one knows who, pronounced his life class immoral. As said, I do not believe in mixed life classes; still there is no moral difference between art students male and female, studying in a room together before a live man in bathing trunks, and art students laboring in another fitted with plaster casts of the nude with nothing to cover their nudity other than a plaster fig leaf. It is all a matter of habit, but I never yet found girls and boys working together in unconsciousness of each other's presence—as a steady rule or habit. There-



MONTEREY CYPRESS
By LUCIA K. MATHEWS

fore I don't believe in co-education. And if you will know the whole truth the nearest approach to unconsciousness of sex I ever experienced, has been in a class of boys and girls before a nude model. So you will understand why I always considered the attack, from a high moral position, on Yates' mixed life class a most dastardly deed. Of course the pressmen were merely amused at the situation—all the immorality consisted in the bad thoughts of the instigators behind the attack. And then again all the students studying in this life class were so gathered together out of necessity of economy. There were not enough young men seeking a vital education, at that time in art (painting and drawing), to support a men's class. However, through that disagreeable event the Art Students League was established, an establishment that was destined, through a train of sequences, beyond its organizers vision, to force a better system of "art education" into the California School of Design, at that time only an absurd class in drawing from the plaster cast.

t a meeting of the artists or SanFrancisco held in the studio of Arthur R. Qathews it was Resolved that in order to resolved that in order to express their appreciation for the splendid work services accomplished by the artists of New York towards the relief of the San Francisco artists in their hour of need after the fire of April eighteenth ninetern hundred and six athat a service the appointed to a special education. committee be appointed to preet the artists of New York and thank them for their efforts in the behalf of the Ban Francisco fartists and that a copy of the records of their proceedings be prepared and forwarded as a token that San Francisco will not forget

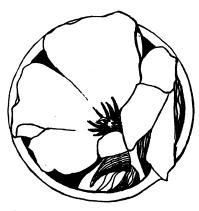


T does not matter what happened in the art world of San Francisco before '83 and '84. The real formative period of California art (painting), dates from these years. Three or four years later Emile Carlsen entered

the California School of Design as head instructor, and while he failed (in some people's eyes) in making a visible impression on it, the truth is that he established there an atmosphere which the management could not eliminate. The School as a whole, under Carlsen's kindly and sincere direction, learned at last the difference between a master in art and an art pedagogue. Now no artist, for very long, will consent to giving up the whole of his time to teaching cast drawing, or any other kind, to youths. So in 1890 the management of the "Art School" on Pine street felt impelled to abandon its pedagogic system and its diletant methods of art culture, and adopt a system adapted to the requirements of artists.

From that time instructors in the California School of Design were only required to attend their classes once or twice a week during nine months of the year—the rest of their time being given to the practice of their professions, either as sculptors or painters. The present

writer taught, in this school, as its representative head, from 1890 to 1906, under this system, and never felt the strain except at those times when the reputed management showed signs of reverting to the pedagogic practices of the early day. And now the so-called graduates of the California School of Design, and the artists of California who have had experiences there, smile with something of derision when some people get reminiscent and sentimental over the early days of the "Art Institution" at 430 Pine Strect. We know; so the less said the sooner mended.





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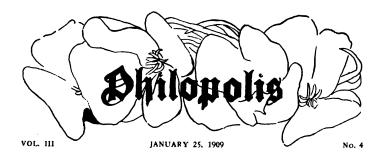
strive after the things which appear to them to be suitable to their nature and profitable! And yet in a manner thou dost not allow them to do this, when thou art vexed because they do wrong. For they are certainly moved towards things because they suppose them to be suitable to their nature and profitable to them.—But it is not so.— Teach them then, and show them without being angry.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.



THE VINTAGE.

Benozzo Gozzoli, Pisa



Cities Passing in the Dark



N this, the month when the season of preaching the gospel—"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"— is on the wane, and we, in "the fierce struggle for existence" are about to strip for another round of twelve months, the question arises naturally: What is to be delivered us for the pains—our

laborings? Wild species exist under almost identical environments (conditions) and have their energies taxed—if they are taxed—to the utmost in winning sustenance: so variations are not apt to occur. Still if they do come they are either stamped out or adopted as

instruments in gaining a good or a bad purpose in competitive activities. Among the cultivated, the life struggle is removed and variations, in individuals, become almost a rule. Therefore we would measure a civilization—a state of human culture—by the security it offers the individual, and by its preservations and reserves. We are not to condemn the gardener for his weed destroying activities; but we may say: "he is a poor gardener indeed, who grows neither good vegetables nor healthy roses." And for this a justified "anarchy" is better than an unjustified "social state"—a justified anarchy being a state or condition where all the people are all wise, and an unjustified social state, one where folly rules the roost, so to speak.

OCIETY is a machine, and its machinery is usually a contrivance for driving a fictitious narrative to a catastrophe, and being generally supposed to be supernatural in origin, where it is purely artificial, and superan-

uated as well, moralists invariably overlook the very evident fact that machines and machinery have no sense of moral obligations. Corporate interests are notoriously

bloodless, on occasions. The machine smashes an operator's fingers with quite as little foresight, or after thought, as it does the business it was contrived for. It is absolutely dependent upon its engineer: and, if it happens to be a social one, its whole power for good is dependent upon the operator's capacity for good - his skill in administration of man's estate, and his sense of justice. None are to suppose for a moment that society is like a steam engine, inasmuch that it is no stronger than its weakest parts, and at the same time keep a clear understanding in doctoring the ills of society. Primarily a few loose cranks here or there, too much riches in this spot and distressing poverty in that one, or an abject show of depravity in one class, or too much sanctity in another, can not be attributed to other than nature's own machinations and hard rulings. In a democracy, unless some secondary and false ideal or fallacious social economy is adopted, the cultivation of the human species should rise to the highest level and poverty should be the exception. And while I cannot comprehend the necessity of poverty in a civilized state, I can grasp the raison d'etre of riches in private possession in any social organization. What we call capital is, perhaps, only

concentrated surplus of our activities, which may be used by the state as well as the individual for just the opposite purpose it was gathered for. Merely because some rich men build towers of babel in order to escape to heaven, and there avoid contracts written in a hotter place, it does not follow that their critics have any better ideals. It means merely that both parties did not know until it was too late. All that has to be remembered in relation to riches is, that all instruments (governments, machines and tools in general) are like the master's brush; they becomes instruments of mischief in the hands of the child, and tools of defilement and contortion in those of the devil.

People are very much like the soil they live on, cultivate (employ) them in useful works and they yield freely—in freedom; fail to enrich them by neglecting to offer better employment, and they degenerate—resist cultivation. I do not believe degeneracy comes to a people after a richly fruitful period, or season, but as a reaction from restrictions placed upon individuals—thus narrowing society's sphere of operations—or by a licentious use of their capabilities and industry; or through a waste of their surplus in a foreign province.



UNION TRUST COMPANY.

CLINTON DAY, Architect

The modern system of exhausting a people consists in exploiting their natural resources by means of heavily capitalized interests and machinery and carrying all the profits to a foreign province. Roman systems were child's play in comparison to modern conquests of despoliation carried on under the name of peace and prosperity—good will to men. So we would ask here in the present: What are we supposed to be struggling for in the name of reform—?



FTER some three centuries of strife, instigated by a woman, among themselves, the noble families of Florence were virtually annihilated. Modern systems of self extinction in races or classes, as suggested,

do not exhibit themselves in night brawls and direct poisoning among young gentlemen, but operate stealthily beneath the crusts of our political, educational and industrial institutions. Near the end of her freedom, as a state, some citizens of Florence learned circumspection in their destructive methods; still this does not affect the issue here. The Florentine constitution depended upon the resolution of the moment. The sounding of

the great bell was enough—parliament might become the lawful arena of revolution, and all visible mechanisms of government melt before a vote of the citizens, the members of the guilds. So it has been asked what sort of men these were who formed a staple and flourishing state with institutions so variable. Merchants, artisans and artists?—yet how they fought for freedom. Selfish policy and commerce their sole aim?—and yet the historians and poets of their state. Avaricious shop keepers and money changers?—but living in princely palaces built and adorned by their own masters creating within their state. And so the city "blossomed and bore fruits, and stands today like some lovely flower turned to stone of its own enchantments."

Florence may have been inhabited in the zenith of its glory by parvenues, common workers and the ungrateful; still it may be likened to a bed of wild plants, as it were, growing in an environment "mysteriously" bestowing benefits, without favor, on each little plant. The exceptional individual, as well as the common species, found there his opportunity for individual growth, and a reasonable protection in the state. So Florence was a free city in a double sense; her citizens were able to do

what they had to do for the state, freely and voluntarily, and the state thereby grew in even balance. It cannot be said, because the Florentines were not "cultured" in institutions of the modern type that they lacked culture; for it is an open question whether the old system of whipping the youth into intelligent use of the natural forces within him by a master, active in the world's work, was not better than ours of polishing youth on all four sides and then casting him loose quite untried into the fetid activities of our competitive systems.

Of course every trade and profession has its particular point of view in regard to the efficiency, or lack of efficiency, of the two ways. Where one finds all he needs in his direction, another might find nothing. Still there is one active principle in the old method which, if lacking in the new, would appear, in the presence of very apparent weaknesses in modern culture systems, to give a preference to the older one—youth was at least trained to fight before he entered the commercial arena. With us, youth, unless peculiarly fitted as an instrument in the "fierce business struggles" of the day, does not survive else he is of the hardiest material. Even then he is thrown aside to be gathered by his kind. And



ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY BUILDING.
HOWELLS & STOKES, Architects

these drawing together and taking no active part, perforce of conditions, in the general commercial and political adventuring of the times, all of state activity reflects but sordid activity. Where the comely illuminated every passage of Florentine history and made the black spots hideous, the ugly glares from our municipal ensemble, to the complete extinguishment of any comely favor we may possess. Therefore, perhaps, the horrid aspect of modern graft—the graft growing neither flower nor fruit.



HILE every citizen, in democratic America, is a sovereign in his own right, it very often happens that he finds himself, in an analysis of his own institutions, but the henchman of his "servants". And thus finding self stalled, so to say, if not

actually harnessed to his own plow, he very often makes a dash for liberty like the pup with a tin can tied to its tail. How much of these strange transmutations come from his lack of constant exercise in the arts of politics, and how much is due to an absence of understanding of the ways of servants and machinery

in general, will never be known until the last chapter of his sporadic industrial, educational and political activities is written. Even then the whole story will not be revealed; for nature has mysterious ways, and men have always created odd systems for circumventing her laws. Our ordinances are puny factors in the face of the law.

Ordinarily, our citizenship contents itself by scattering broadsides of criticism at the object of its prejudices, which may or may not be, purely personal. So America's social and political storms are very like tempests in a tea pot, and her revolutions frequent and local. A glowering political sky has heralded but the gentle rain so often that we almost begin to feel that there is something in the constitution which prohibits thunder and chain lightning — of a political nature. It is only on 'Change, when trouble threatens to involve all in a common wreckage, that the American citizen gives attention. That our troubles are "mainly economic" is too true. That the initial cause of them is little understood, is also true. If it were otherwise there would not be parties aligned in cross fire opposition to one another—one laying all our ills to trusts and the rich in general,

another to graft, and still another to competitive industrial systems which in times of fatness we called prosperity and progress, and which in lean times we spoke of as financial depression. Forests disappear as if by the aid of some terrible acid in the atmosphere; the bottoms of mines turn up and a nation sees a famine in metals staring at it, where it believed a few years back that its mines were inexhaustible. But so long as "things keep moving, all's well!" Impending scarcity doesn't trouble any one: and he who has a full stock rubs his hands in prospect of a rich harvest in his individual profits; but when the energy of things appears to have lost its wind and something drops on Wall street, American citizenship fires a whole salmagundi of criticism at Wall street and the trusts. Then the Ship of State threatens to split on a rock of stubborn recklessness but only gyrates amidst a shower of the common brick bats, and only some individuals get hit, grievously. A subsidence of the storm and stress having come, the man who thinks, thinks the reason of it all out, and we are told: "It's the trusts, watered stocks and over speculation: therefore restrain corporate interests by law, and prohibit over speculation." And by leave of the great

American citizens, the law is made. Still, all in due time the flurry comes again, and it is discovered that "corporate interests" have circumvented the law. But what is not discovered is that in an open field, where straight clear business capacity has the larger opportunity, in another closed by the "law", duplicity and "strictly business" methods have the fairer chance of success if any one has any. An open, in the daylight fight is far better, inasmuch as the people are concerned, than machinations. On top the crust, sincerity and honesty have a fighting show; but beneath the victory belongs to duplicity. As we have said, democratic America's danger is not in her loose institutions, nor in the wide latitude given the individual, but in promised application of empiric remedies to diseased conditions, without knowledge of causes. Still, so long as the citizen remains astute enough to distinguish natural depravity from honest, though lop-sided activity, the state is measurably secure — which does not mean at all that the individual's estate is secured, or that his activities are not threatened with counter activities of unpleasant aspect.



ATTER day reformers and champions of the people often appear very like Don Quixote in a battle with the wind mills, because they fail in discerning the moving force of the puppets in the "merry-go-round" of life. Men's struggles with one another are

but incidents of the larger battle of life against Nature's opposition; still the petite competition fills the public eye in times of peace. So in days of general quiet, individual error—mere incidents in detail—grows large in the minds of reformative activities, while error vast and crushing develops unnoticed in the body politic. We are startled and somewhat offended at the large measure of profits of the Standard Oil Company; yet our Navy encircles the globe on a junketing tour at a cost of about twice the figure of the Standard Oil Company's profits, and comment is smothered. The private concern's "tax" goes back into the world's productive systems, but the government's operations are merely so much energy thrown into nil—and we pay the tax.

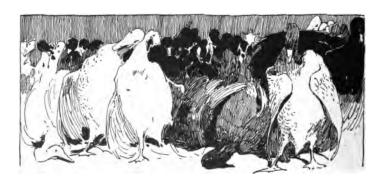
Ethical and æsthetic codes are only counter active principles to ruthlessness and crudity of conception:

and it has been truly said that reformation not requiring the necessity of comeliness in every activity—in the material aspect of life—usually destroys self. Even Savonarola did not escape consequence, and "entered the bonfires of his own making." So if our day reformers merely stir up a hornet's nest, or create undue excitement among the working bees, they may not feel that they are alone in miscarriages of energy.

At the time of the invention of the steam engine, and its introduction as a motive power in factory and on the road, stage driver and laborer thought the world was finished—for them. The other side of the vision—the tremendous acceleration of all production and transportation, with consequent stimulus to increase of population, and with consequent haste and waste, did not appear on their horizon.

If it is true that systems of production and exchange are the silent instruments of the upbuilding of empire and cities, the makers of epochs, the destroyers of dynasties and political reckonings: then, today in the presence of systems more complicated and wider reaching than of former periods, reform measures in the local sense have to be tentative rather than something else.

In the presence of the operations of private concerns, national activities appear like small business and the servants of the people but solicitors at the threshold of the princes of industrialism. What's to happen? In this great trio—"Representatives of Politics, of Labor and of Capital"—who is it? Which is the "sport" and which merely variations of a common species. And who knows but all will disappear when the "wretch" who invented the steam engine shall have invented a less wasteful machine. Verily our real reformers appear like operators in the dark.





THE GRIM BROKEN MONUMENT OF THE ACROPOLIS.

FRANK McComas

VOL. III

JANUARY 25, 1909

No. 4



HE grim broken monuments of the Acropolis of Athens fairly mock at the European critic who moves himself to reiterate the statement that America has no distinctive architecture. Wherein, may we ask, has the European of Europe for the last few hundreds of years done any different than the European in America? When Francois of France stooped to pick up the fallen brush of Titian, the fate of what might be called the indigenous (the Gothic) art of France, was sealed for centuries. All Europe followed the fashions in art of the French monarchs until it forgot. The rave we know as "The Art Nouveau" is not a style but a mannerism—to be likened only to the pre-Raphalite and the pseudo-gothic æsthetic dreams of modernity.

Style in architecture, as in any other art, is structural,

not applied, and originates in the combined efforts of a people to resist nature and administer to their love of beautiful establishments. So we may say, without fear of contradiction, that every detail in or on a building must answer to one or both of two requirements: each must have either structural or intrinsic artistic value. And as Greek architecture replied more truly to these two interrogations than any other style in architecture, it is usually conceded that Greek architecture is deserving of the larger part of every student's attention.

There is a reason why Venetian painting and Greek architecture and sculpture are ever fresh as sources of artistic recuperation. And in the knowledge and memory of these it were folly to ask the California artist to humble himself before such crude endeavors as the Spanish Missions surely are. You may allow yourself to be attracted by the homely picturesqueness of Mission Art, and you may turn with a shudder from the galvanized iron pretensions of modernity; but neither of these attitudes are an excuse for doing worse—imitating mission crudities in galvanized iron and stucco. America, never fear, will express herself eventually. Here and there she has always shown a glimmer of the smoulder-

ing spirit. As Ruskin says again, give the youth a chance; don't spoil his temper by a hasty, ill-considered and prejudiced criticism.

As with the European immigrant, the present inhabitant of Europe has become so imbued with Græco-Roman architectural forms, that these have become, as it were, the artistic vocabulary. So deep has this termiology sunken into the minds of European races that they think only in it: all attempts, so far, to speak in another artistic language has but resulted in a halting and lisping speech; and, even in this international tongue the native brogue of every state may be detected by the knowing. So we have German, French, Italian, Dutch and English Renaissance, but every twang of it is only stuttering utterance of the parent tongue—much debased in most instances. Of course if our whilom criticism means that we should not mimic the brogue, we are in a fair way to understand each other—some time.

The American architect operates under many disadvantages, not known by the European; and this is the lack of a certain class of workmen as assistants—a statement that is not to be interpreted in the sense that American workmen lack the capacity, but rather that the

country offers no general schooling which would develop their artistic intelligences; so as a rule these faculties lie dormant. Now I have not said that schools should be established for the purpose of educating American workmen in art. I look upon the so-called technical school as only an apology for past neglect, something to be classed with a boarding school "Art Class", or the average "Art School"—things quite as apt to be feeders for public school art and commercial graft as for any other culture.

RT is a process of getting away from original ignorance—a point our preceptor and critics have missed completely. Now, if I were to say anything of a disrespectful nature of American architecture and art in general, it would be about like the following: The lesson taught in modern Europe—that of the art of using a preponderance of artistic terms without saying anything—has been learned much too well.

The works of the older Europe belong to us quite as much as they belong to the stay at home. And if the artist of America walks around the modern European

academy and enters this larger school of human experience, who is to say nay? Contrary to commonly accepted theory, architecture is the happy union of the arts of painting, sculpture and building. You will find the graven ivory and the painted gourd and the beautifully wrought textile fabric among nomads. Architecture is not the mother, the all giving art to the sisters. The truth lies quite in the opposition; it is only when the sisters envelop the pile of material with their choicest offerings that building becomes a fine art. And we may say quite positively that America is not to have a great, a true architecture, until the world learns that the piling up of slovenly architectural detail is not a fine art, but the art of ostentation only. When the architect has given us the beautiful, clean, well built wall with its proper base and cornice, his efforts are done—all the rest belongs to painting and sculpture. The master builder should hold the key to the edifice to its completion; but that is another tale. The story reads today, that the architect is in pains of trifling with detail not properly belonging to his trade, while some one else plays with his profession.



shold. I am clad in a robe of leaves green.
And a garment of honour of ultramarine.
Though little, with beauty myself I've adorned:
So the flowers are my subjects and I am their Queen.

- Tales from the Arabic







The Drooping Garden

By J. Wilson Shiels

Chapter One



ANY years ago there was a beautiful garden. No garden was ever half so beautiful, and no wonder, for it was the home of the Lady Queen Rose. This garden had a high wall around it, as high as a house, and on the top of it broken glass to prevent anyone

climbing over. So thick was this wall that its door was really a tunnel, and favored ones coming through the darkness into bright light were amazed at the brilliant beauty of the flowers. You can easily understand that this high wall sheltered all from rough winds which play such havoc with a flower's wonderful charm. No heavy rain ever came to beat down upon the pretty plants and

ruin their frail beauty. The sun was high-sky all day long, just as you see it in other parts of the world only for a moment at noon-time. So you see that such a thing as a shadow was unknown. Now! this dark-door-tunnel I have told you about was guarded by three strong iron gates. Very forbidding! Kept and watched by three little people.

Mr. Dwarf — a funny little old man — had charge of

the outer one, and Mrs. Dwarf—just as funny a little old woman—kept a keen eye on the middle one, and Miss Dwarf—as dainty a little maid as ever you saw, watched jealously the inner one. This little girl loved with all her heart all kinds of flowers, and no wonder, for she was just as delicate, just as pretty, and

just as perfect as any in the garden. Well! would you believe it? One day, without rhyme or reason, as far as anyone could see, every flower in this beautiful garden drooped!!! And strange to say all towards the center!! Miss Dwarf burst into tears. Wept her eyes out. Cried and cried and cried! but not a word would she say.

Chapter Two



CERTAIN handsome Prince falling in love with a fair and worthy Princess, came to the splendid palace of her father seeking her hand in marriage. [But the King in sorrow said, "No, no!" for he knew his daughter dearly loved this handsome fel-

low, and that he was a good, kind, thoughtful young manbeloved by all. So as I say the King was very sorry.

"No, no! dear Prince," he said. "such a thing is out of the question. It would give us happiness to have you as our son-in-law, for we know that you are good, and what is more to the point, you are very wealthy, but there must be no joy here. Our younger daughter has been spirited away and we are deep in woe, and being so we have here decreed," and here the King took up a proclamation and quoted, 'No Act bringing joy or relief from sorrow to ourselves or to our people be allowed.' So you can plainly see that you cannot wed the Princess, for that would mean happiness to many, unless of course," and here the King paused like a man proud of an idea, "unless of course you can bring our little one





Drawn by Arthur F. Mathews "She pulled off all the Queen's dainty petals"

back to us. Then, ah then! not only the Princess's hand would be yours, but our kingdom and crown as well."

When the Prince heard this he prayed and craved the King to change his mind, and the Queen, who was a gentle hearted woman and pitied the Prince, said to the King, "Now, dear John, don't make others unhappy just because we are," but His Majesty would not listen. and ordered the audience at an end, saying, "No younger daughter, no wedding," and when he was alone with the Queen he gave her such a talking to for trying to help the Prince and at the same time daring to interfere.

Chapter Three

OON the Prince realized that there was nothing to be gained by moping, and made up his mind that come what may he would find the younger daughter. To that end he asked many questions. Poor fellow! It

wasn't very long before he found out all there was to find.

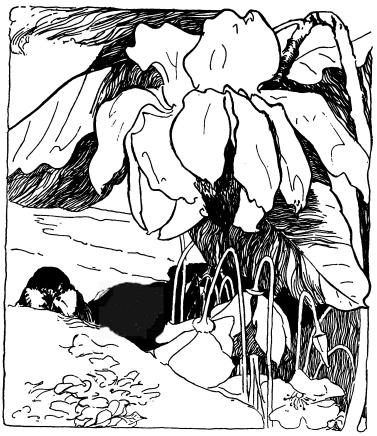
He was told that the younger daughter had ridden into the palace garden, that she was in a very bad temper at the time, that this fact was not at all unusual, for she nearly always was in that frame of mind, being a spoiled child; that the head gardener, who was a very old man, and who had for twice her years cared for the flowers and plants told her not to walk her horse on the grass; that she had answered him by many rude words. All this he heard from the page-boy who held her horse during the quarrel, but what the rude things she said were he would not tell, saying that when the affair started he looked the other way for fear that he would be called upon to take sides, and get a lashing from her sharp tongue later—this little boy became a great prime minister afterwards — when he turned round the little princess had disappeared: vanished.



Chapter Four

younger daughter and marry her sister the Princess, I don't want anything, nor do I want anything to do with anybody," so he packed up his things and went away to live alone in a great and silent forest. He built himself a pretty little house to live in, and having nothing else to do, and loving Nature and all her pretty things, started to grow a garden. Soon he almost forgot his troubles in the loving, painstaking care he took in the flowers. You have no idea how good and thoughtful he was to them. He would do everything in his power to aid the leaves and flowers to grow to the light, and the idea of drenching them with water never came into his head. He would spray them gently and see to it that they were not soaked, rotting, or drowned, while struggling for life. He built pretty little shelters for them when the winds were cruel, and in cold places he wrapped them up in matting. No wonder, then, he grew beautiful flowers. In fact without knowing it, he

OTHING more could the page-boy tell the Prince, nor anyone else, and he was filled with care and said, "If I can't find the



Drawn by Lucia K. Mathews

"All the flowers drooped their heads"

in the first chapter. He made a Heaven for flowers on Earth. One day he noticed a plain little weed-tendril winding its way along a very rough limb of a common tree, and knowing that the tendril would end by being outside the garden, and very lonesome, he started to unwind it very gently. While he was busy at this he heard some one say, "Thank you!" His heart stood still.

He was alone, not a person within miles of him. And he was greatly afraid. He paused at his work and listened. All was quiet save the beating of his heart, which was now running along like fury. He could hear nothing but the gentle murmur of the leaves, the humming of bees, the chirping of birds, the sound of falling water in the foun-

tain, and could see nothing but the blue sky and the nodding flowers. So he thought that his ears had played him a trick, and he went on unwinding the tendril. Soon he heard again, "Thank you!" and now he knew that he had truly heard, and with great fear he said almost in a whisper, "Who is speaking to me?" and the answer came. "Master Tendril"



"Wonderful, wonderful!" said the Prince, "I did not know that flowers could speak."

"Why, of course," replied Master Tendril, "Haven't you heard of a language of flowers?"

"Yes," said the Prince, "but I always thought that was make-believe among young people who were in love."

"Not a bit of it," said Master Tendril, "It's all true: we flowers talk to each other all day long, and when we are too far away we send messages by the bees. I don't know what we would do without our messenger service, the Bee-boys, who are very accurate and keep us in touch all over the land."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said the Prince.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Master Tendril, "We've been talking to each other as long as I can remember and here in this garden we never tire of singing you praises and thanking you with all our hearts for all your kindness to us." At this the Prince noticed all the flowers nodded their heads very violently. Master Tendril continuing, said, "For you are not like some people we know, for example, the bad little princess who—"

"Oh!" said the Prince, interrupting, "do you know

anything about her?" and the color came to his cheek with surprise.

"Know anything about her!" said Master Tendril, "I should just say we did! She is just about as bad as they make them in your people and that's saying a good deal."

The Prince said, "Oh please tell me all you know, for my happiness depends on it."

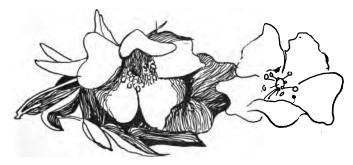
"No, no, I can't," answered Master Tendril, "much as I would like to, I can't do that."

"Oh please do," said the Prince. "You don't know what it means to me. All my happiness depends on your telling me. And if, as you say, I have been kind to you I think you ought to show your gratitude in some practical way. Now, please tell me!"

After a little pause Master Tendril said, "I think that you are right. You've a right to know. I'll take a chance of getting into awful trouble but here goes! Well, do you remember when that proud and naughty little girl went into the King's garden and said such rude words to the old gardener? You know the old gardener is just about as good a friend to us as you are; if he were not so hasty with his rake I think he would be quite as good. Well, when he told her that she was a naughty, unkind

little thing, and that if it were not for her position in life no one would notice her, she bent down and plucked the Lady Queen Rose, who was paying her yearly visit to the King's garden, and pulled off all the Queen's dainty petals! This was altogether too much to stand, and we decided there and then to rid the world of her. So we took and placed her in the wall of the Heavenly Garden, where she now is in shadow—quite the worse punishment we have to give, and where I hope she will remain for all time, and serves her jolly well right say I. And that is why we are all in deep mourning and why all the flowers in the Heavenly Garden are drooping their heads towards the center vacant throne, and why Miss Dwarf is crying her eyes out, and why the Garden is now called the 'Drooping Garden'."

"What am I to do?" cried the Prince. "If I don't take her back to her father I shall never be able to marry and shall have to live here all my life,"



"We wouldn't mind that," said Master Tendril with a smile, and all the other flowers nodded their heads. You see the Prince had been very kind to them.

"But I must leave here and I must get her out," said the Prince in great excitement. "I must marry the Princess, and if you don't tell me how I can do it, I shall lose my temper and pull every plant in this garden out by the roots."

At this Master Tendril was scared to death, and asked if he might first talk to the others, and the Prince replied, "Well, be quick about it!" for he was getting very impatient. After a pause wherein hundreds of bees flew past his head from Master Tendril to the other flowers, Tendril said, "I am glad to inform you that I may tell you the only way to get the younger Princess out of the prison wall. You must grow a rose as beautiful as the Lady Queen Rose she destroyed, and then take it to the Drooping Garden and plant her on the throne. When you have done this you may demand the liberty of the wicked child. Please make her realize that she deserved her punishment."

The Prince thanked Master Tendril and started in to grow a wild rose.



Drawn by Arthur F. Mathews
" Re drove his sword through the eye and brain of the Wragon"

Chaper Five

FTER much patient care a beautiful wild rose came, and he took it at once to the Drooping Garden, but the moment Master Dwarf laid his eyes on it he said, "Not good enough." The Prince went back disappointed, but not in any way dis-

couraged. He avoided all the mistakes he had made, and at last he was rewarded. A rose came ever so much more beautiful than the first, and he felt quite sure that the end was in sight, and sure enough Mr. Dwarf passed it, but you can imagine his feelings when Mrs. Dwarf slammed the middle gate in his face and said, "Not good enough." The Prince was in despair, but he remembered the old saying that "faint heart never won fair lady," and he said, "I will try again." I can't tell you how careful he was, and at last came a wild rose of such perfect beauty that she was the wonder of all the garden. He was quite sure the funny little old woman would pass it, and true enough the old lady did, but when Miss Dwarf saw it she burst into tears and cried, "Oh, no, no, no! not good enough!" What was to be

done? How could any rose be more beautiful? What a wonderful flower the Lady Queen Rose must have been if this one was "not good enough". He was the sadest, the most broken-hearted Prince that ever was known. He went back to the woods, walked with bowed head into the garden and sat down on a bench close by Master Tendril, and buried his head in his hands. All was as still as death except the Bee-boys. They seemed to be very very busy indeed, as if a great session was going on. At last Master Tendril said, "Why! are you going to give it up? Please don't! We do want you to win so much!" And the Prince sadly said, "What else can I do? I have tried my best." Then there was a long pause and Master Tendril said "You have been so good to us we are going to help you. You must get soil that has never grown flower before, and then you will come out all right."

"But in Heaven's name where's a man to get soil that has never grown a flower," said the Prince in anger. "I'm just as bad off as ever. Are you trying to joke with me?"

"No, no, we are not," said Master Tendril, "we are in earnest. Now don't get peevish or down-hearted, but go to your bed and have a good night's rest, and in the morning look out of your window, and you will understand."



Chapter Six

O the Prince went to bed, but a good night's rest was out of the question. He didn't sleep a wink. He was as restless as any child expecting a Christmas, a birthday, or a holiday, and when daylight came he ran

to the window, pulled up the blind with a snap, and what do you think met his eyes? Thousands of Dragon-flies marching in parade, doing all sorts of quaint quadrilles, and a cocky little one, in a wonderful uniform, sitting on a horse giving commands. He hurried out and asked the important personage what it was all about.

"Just a moment," said he as he saluted. "I must watch the manœuvers, and then I shall be at your service. You see if I don't keep an eye on these fellows they get sloppy. Sergeant! look out for your men there. Damn it, sir! Don't you see they are out of step!" and he flew into such a sudden and terrible rage that the Prince thought he would burst a blood vessel.

When all this was over, and the Dragon-flies were ordered to "stand at ease," the cocky little Dragon-fly on the horse turned to the Prince and said, "Now, sir, I



am at your service," and he looked so fierce that the Prince was really alarmed and asked him what his name was. Puffing out his chest, he said, "I am Col. Flycrockette to demand. We are waiting for a gentlemanly Prince whom we are to escort to the Arctic regions, where I understand he is after some kind of a soil that is only to be found in the Dragon's Cave. And as we are the natural enemy to the beast, we have been detailed to take care of him. It's a hard trip, and no doubt will be a hard fight, but we like nothing better, and I dare say all will turn out well. Are you the gentlemanly Prince?" and he looked the Prince up and down, and thro' and thro'.

"Yes," said the Prince, somewhat embarrased, "I am he, and I am ready to start whenever you are ready, but before you give the order will you kindly tell me why you have that battalion of Fire-flies. I'm so interested in all this," and the Col. answered rather abruptly, as much as to say, "Young man, not so many questions. You will find out in a day or so," and gave the order to start.

Everything went well, and after a few days with the officers and men the Prince found out that Col. Flycrock ette was a fine chap when you got under his skin, so to speak. At last they reached the land of darkness, and



the Prince knew why the Fire-flies were with them. They made the country ahead as light as day, and prevented all sorts of surprises, for they at this time were fast approaching Dragon Land. At last they did arrive within striking distance of the Dragon and his cave.

The Col. ordered all in camp, for they had arrived at a poor time to fight, namely the wide-awake-time of the Dragon, and he knew his men would have no chance.

"You see," he said, while giving this order, "if we can only get this fellow rattled after a full meal, and when he is just about to fall asleep, you can do the rest." Sure enough, when the Dragon was just closing his eyes, the Col. gave the order to charge. What a fight! There was not one part of the Dragon's body they did not cover. The Dragon lashed his tail, got up, turned round, and lay down again a hundred times. And oh! the slaughter of the flies. Too terrible. It broke the Prince's heart to see so many brave companions giving up their lives on his behalf. Flies that had eat with him, and slept with him, and learned to love him, so no wonder that when it came to his time to attack, he was so wild-eyed and irresistible, that he drove his sword through the eye and brain of the Dragon, and the battle was over.





The Col. then took count of his dead: gave orders for each Soldier-fly to pick up a grain of the damp soil in the depths of the cave, where no light had ever been, and where no flower could possibly ever live, and then fly back to the garden in the woods, in open order, and as fast as their wings could carry them. You can imagine how many flies obeyed this command when I tell you that when the Prince arrived, a few days later (for he could travel quite as fast as the flies), he found a mound of earth waiting him as high as a good sized man. He planted the seed and immediately a little green stem came forth, and next morning a wild rose was blooming fairer than any flower in the world. No one ever saw her like before. The Prince bowed low in gratitude. He knew the end had come and that his marriage would take place next week. He felt sure of this because Master Tendril and all the other flowers bent low in pride, and hive after hive of Bee-boys came humming their message of allegiance. The whole Garden seemed happy and content. So he carried the rose to the Drooping Garden, and although it was only two days' march, he took at least a week, so fearful was he that even one of the frailest rootlets would be injured by haste. When

he arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Dwarf opened wide their gates without being asked, and Miss Dwarf ran out to meet him laughing and crying in turns, and calling out, "See! see! how beautiful!" And then showing him the way, and warning him to pick his way carefully so as not to step on the sad flowers, she made a little hole with her finger, and he planted the rose right in the center of the vacant throne. No sooner had this been done than every flower in the place stood straight up, and great was the attitude of their pride and gladness. They all thanked the Prince, but he said, "That's all very well, and I am more than glad to have helped you, but I want the little Princess, and must have her at once."

So the Lady Queen put the question, "All those in favour of liberating the bad little princess signify the same by saying 'Aye'." And all the flowers said "AYE." And the Queen replied casually, "Carried". So the Prince took the little Princess home, and gave her a bit of his mind on the way. and when they arrived at the palace of the King all were happy again, and the marriage took place in great style, and every one lived happy for ever more.



o the jaundiced honey tastes bitter, and to those bitten by mad dogs water causes fear: and to little children the ball is a fine thing. Why then am I angry? Post thou think that a false opinion has less power than the bile in the jaundiced or the poison in him who is bitten by a mad dog?



BLISS & FAVILLE, Architects





NE of the chief sins of our time is hurry: it is helter-skelter, and devil take the hindmost. Off we go all too swift at starting, and we neither run so fast nor so far as we would have done, had we taken it cannily at first. This is true of a boy as well as of a blood colt. Not only are boys and colts made to do the work and

the running of full-grown men and horses, but they are hurried out of themselves and their now, and pushed into the middle of next week where nobody is wanting them, and beyond which they frequently never get.

The main duty of those who care for the young is to secure their wholesome, their entire growth, for health

is just the development of the whole nature in its due sequences and proportions: first the blade—then the ear—then, and not till then, the full corn in the ear;

Now in children, as we all know, he works chiefly through the senses. The quantity of accurate observation — of induction, and of deduction too; of reasoning from the known to the unknown; of inferring; the nicety of appreciation of the like and unlike, the common and the rare, the odd and the even: the skill of the rough and the smooth — of form, of appearance, of texture, of weight, of all the minute and deep philosophies of the touch and of the other senses,—the amount of this sort of objective knowledge which every child of eight years has acquired—especially if he can play in the lap of nature and out of doors — and acquired for life, is, if we could only think of it, marvellous beyond any of our mightiest marches of intellect. Now, could we only get the knowledge of the school to go as sweetly and deeply and clearly into the vitals of the mind as this self-teaching has done, and this is the paradisiac way of it, we should make the young mind grow as well as learn, and be in understanding a man as well as in simplicity a child; we should get rid of much of that dreary, sheer

endurance of their school-hours—that stolid lending of ears that do not hear—that objectless looking without ever once seeing, and straining their minds without an aim; alternating, it may be, with some feats of dexterity and effort, like a man trying to lift himself in his own arms, or take his head in his teeth, exploits as dangerous, as ungraceful, and as useless, except to glorify the showman and bring wages in, as the feats of an acrobat.

But you will ask, how is all this to be avoided if everybody must know how far the sun is from Georgium Sidus, and how much of phosphorus is in our bones, and of ptyalin and flint in human spittle—besides some 10,000 times 10,000 other things which we must be told and try to remember, and which we cannot prove not to be true, but which I decline to say we know.

But is it necessary that everybody should know everything? Is it not much more to the purpose for every man, when his turn comes, to be able to do something; and I say, that other things being equal, a boy who goes bird-nesting, and makes a collection of eggs, and knows all their colors and spots, going through the excitements and glories of getting them, and observing everything with a keenness, an intensity, an exactness,

and a permanency, which only youth and a quick pulse, and fresh blood and spirits combined, can achieve, -a boy who teaches himself natural history in this way, is not only a healthier and happier boy, but is abler in mind and body for entering upon the great game of life, than the pale, nervous, bright-eyed, feverish "interesting" boy, with a big head and a small bottom and thin legs, who is the "captain", the miracle of the school; dux for his brief year or two of glory, and, if he live, booby for life. I am, of course, not going in for a complete curriculum of general ignorance; but I am calling the attention of teachers to drawing out the minds, the energies, the hearts of their pupils through their senses, as well as pouring in through these same apertures the general knowledge of mankind, the capital of the race. into this one small being, who it is to be hoped will contrive to forget much of the mere words he has unhappily learned.

For we may say of our time in all seriousness, what Sydney Smith said in the fullness of his wisdom and his fun, of the pantologic master of Trinity—Science is our forte; omniscience is our foible. There is the seed of a whole treatise, a whole organon in this joke; think over



Painted by MARY CURTIS RICHARDSON

it, and let it simmer in your mind, and you will feel its significance and its power. Now, what is science so called to every 999 men in 1000, but something that the one man tells them he has been told by some one else—who may be one among say 50,000—is true, but of the truth of which these 999 men (and probably even the teaching thousandth man) can have no direct test, and, accordingly, for the truth or falsehood of which they, by a law of their nature, which rejects what has no savor and is superfluous, don't care one fig.

I end these intentionally irregular remarks by a story. Some years ago I was in one of the wildest recesses of the Perthshire Highlands. It was in autumn, and the little school, supported mainly by the Chief, who dwelt all the year round in the midst of his own people, was to be examined by the minister, whose native tongue, like that of his flock, was Gaelic, and who was as awkward and ineffectual. and sometimes as unconsciously indecorous, in his English, as a Cockney in his kilt. It was a great occasion: the keen-eyed, firm-limbed, browncheeked little fellows were all in a buzz of excitement as we came in, and before the examination began every eye was looking at us strangers as a dog looks at his game,

or when seeking it; they knew everything we had on, everything that could be known through their senses. never felt myself so studied and scrutinized before. any one could have examined them upon what they thus mastered, Sir Charles Trevelyan and John Mill would have come away astonished, and, I trust, humble. Well, then, the work of the day began; the mill was set agoing, and what a change! In an instant their eyes were like the windows of a house with the blinds down: no one was looking out; everything blank; their very features changed — their jaws fell, their cheeks flattened. they drooped and looked ill at ease—stupid, drowsy, sulky — and getting them to speak or think, or in any way to energize, was like trying to get any one to come to the window at three of a summer morning, when, if they do come, they are half awake, rubbing their eyes and growling. So with my little Celts. They were like an idle and half asleep collie by the fireside, as contrasted with the collie on the hill and in the joy of work; the form of dog and boy are there — he, the self of each, was elsewhere. I noticed that anything they really knew roused them somewhat; what they had merely to transmit or pass along, as if they were a tube through which the

master blew the pea of knowledge into our faces, was performed as stolidly as if they were nothing but a tube.

At last the teacher asked where Sheffield was, and was answered; it was then pointed to by the dux, as a dot on a skeleton map. And now came a flourish. "What is Sheffield famous for?" Blank stupor, hopeless vacuity, till he came to a sort of sprouting "Dougal Cratur" almost as wee, and as gleg, and as tousy about the head, as my own Kintail terrier, whom I saw at that moment through the open door careering after a hopeless rabbit, with much benefit to his muscles and his wind—who was trembling with keenness. He shouted out something which was liker "cutlery" than anything else, and was received as such amid our rapturous applause. I then ventured to ask the master to ask small and red Dougal what cutlery was; but from the sudden erubescence of his pallid. ill-fed cheek, and the alarming brightness of his eyes. I twigged at once that he didn't himself know what it meant. So I put the question myself. and was not surprised to find that not one of them, from Dougal up to a young strapping shepherd of eighteen, knew what it was!

I told them that Sheffield was famous for making

knives, and scissors, and razors, and that cutlery meant the manufacture of anything that cuts. Presto! and the blinds were all up, and eagerness, and nous, and brains at the window. I happened to have a Wharncliffe, with "Rodgers & Sons, Sheffield," on the blade. I sent it round, and finally presented it to the enraptured Dougal. Would not each one of those boys, the very boobiest there, know that knife again when they saw it, and be able to pass a creditable competitive examination on all its ins and outs? and wouldn't they remember "cutlery" for a day or two? Well, the examination over, the minister performed an oration of much ambition and difficulty to himself and to us, upon the general question, and a great many other questions, into which his Gaelic subtlety fitted like the mists into the hollows of Ben-a-Houlich, with, it must be allowed, a somewhat similar tendency to confuse and conceal what was beneath; and he concluded with thanking the Chief, as he well might, for his generous support of "this aixlent CEMETERY of ædication." Cemetery indeed! The blind leading the blind, with the ancient result; the dead burying their dead.

Now, not greater is the change we made from that

low, small, stifling, gloomy, mephitic room, into the glorious open air, the loch lying asleep in the sun, and telling over again on its placid face, as in a dream, every hill and cloud, and birch and pine, and passing bird and cradled boat; the Black Wood of Rannoch standing "in the midst of its own darkness," frowning out upon us like the past disturbed, and far off in the clear ether, as in another and a better world, the dim shepherds of Etive pointing, like ghosts at noonday, to the weird shadows of Glencoe; — not greater was this change, than is that from the dingy, oppressive, weary "cemetery" of mere word-knowledge to the open air, the light and liberty, the divine infinity and richness of nature and her teaching.

We cannot change our time, nor would we if we could. It is God's time as well as ours. And our time is emphatically that for achieving and recording and teaching man's dominion over and insight into matter and its forces—his subduing the earth; but let us turn now and then from our necessary and honest toil in this neo-Platonic cavern where we win gold and renown, and where we often are obliged to stand in our own light, and watch our own shadows as they glide, huge and mis-

shapen, across the inner gloom; let us come out betimes with our gold, that we may spend it and get "goods" for it, and when we can look forth on that ample world of daylight which we can never hope to overrun. and into that overarching heaven where, amid clouds and storms, lightning and sudden tempest, there are revealed to those who look for them, lucid openings into the pure. deep empyrean, "as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness"; and when, best of all, we may remember Who it is who stretched out these heavens as a tent to dwell in, and on whose footstool we may kneel, and out of the depths of our heart cry aloud,

TE DEUM VENERAMUR, TE SANCTE PATER!

we shall return into our cave, and to our work, all the better of such a lesson, and of such a reasonable service, and dig none the worse.

Science which ends in itself, or still worse, returns upon its maker, and gets him to worship himself, is worse than none; it is only when it makes it more clear than before who is the Maker and Governor, not only



of the objects, but of the subjects of itself, that know-ledge is the mother of virtue. But this is an endless theme. My only aim in these desultory hints is to impress parents and teachers with the benefits of the study, the personal engagement — with their own hands and eyes, and legs and ears — in some form or another of natural history, by their children and pupils and themselves, as counteracting evil, and doing immediate and actual good. Even the immense activity in the Post-Office-stamp line of business among our youngsters has been of immense use in many ways, besides being a diversion and an interest. I myself came to the knowledge of Queensland, and a great deal more, through its blue two-penny.

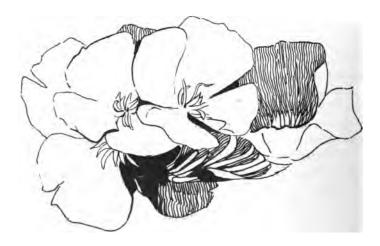
If any one wishes to know how far wise and clever and patriotic men may occasionally go in the way of giving "your son" a stone for bread, and a serpent for a fish, — may get the nation's money for that which is not bread, and give their own labour for that which satisfies no one; industriously making sawdust into the shapes of bread, and chaff into the appearance of meal, and contriving, at wonderful expense of money and brains, to show what can be done in the way of feeding

upon wind,—let him take a turn through certain galleries of the Kensington Museum.

"Yesterday forenoon," writes a friend, "I went to South Kensington Museum. It is really an absurd collection. A great deal of valuable material and a great deal of perfect rubbish. The analyses are even worse than I was led to suppose. There is an ANALYSIS OF A MAN. First, a man contains so much water, and there you have the amount of water in a bottle; so much albumen, and there is the albumen; so much phosphate of lime, fat, hæmatin, fibrine, salt, etc., etc. Then in the next case so much carbon; so much phosphorus—a bottle with sticks of phosphorus; so much potassium. and there is a bottle with potassium; calcium, etc. They have not bottles of oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, etc., but they have cubical pieces of wood on which is written 'the quantity of oxygen in the human body would occupy the space of 170 (e.g.) cubes of the size of this,' etc., etc., And so with analysis of bread, etc., etc. What earthly good can this do any one?

No wonder that the bewildered beings whom I have seen wandering through these rooms, yawned more frequently than I ever observed even in church.

So then, cultivate observation. energy, handicraft, ingenuity, outness in boys, so as to give them a pursuit as well as a study. Look after the blade, and don't coax or crush the ear out too soon, and remember that the full corn in the ear is not due till the harvest, when the great School breaks up, and we must all dismiss and go our several ways."— John Brown.





BUILDING OF METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY





ON'T it look just grand." said a voice somewhere around my feet. "Yaas," drawled another. And, as I glanced up from the pavement, the dome of the City Hall, veiled in the mysteries of a Scotch mist, through which the moon seemed to be struggling for a last view, did surely have the air

of grandeur. The upside-down copper kettle balanced on slender sticks, high in air, looked at night as if it was indeed supported by ponderous and buttressed wall—as if it really crowned a noble edifice. "My!" said the first voice again, "how the fog horns groan tonight." "Yaas," drawled the second. Apparently, we were all going the same way—to the big rotunda of the ruined building. Little voices chattered all around my feet or head. "So glad to see you out tonight," and "How is the baby?" "Who is to preside?" "You don't say, so sorry: and what do you think it will cost to build an-

other one?" "Oh, yes! the old man voted for Hetch Hetchy water because he heard there was a chance to watch leaks — a nice, easy one." "The old man's always on the look out for soft things." "Yes, yes; the dome is all right - very pretty." As I drew nearer with the company of little folk, a perfect din of buzzing and tweeking filled my ears. There was no doubt about it the great convention so discussed by our back yard tenants was about to take place; and it was to be a protest against destroying the old City Hall. The fog horns groaned and groaned again, and siren whistled and wrawled. The veil appeared to rise and fall, open and then close, revealing gaunt corridors, windowless and chill. Queer shadows crept, and out of awful bottomless pits, things crawled. It was very like as if all the crooked ghosts of the place were about to assemble and blast the sorry pile - rend it and cast it to the four quarters. And just as I was beginning to feel a sympathy, merry laughter—or was it a ripple of joyful greeting from the small inhabitants. Tap. tap, tap! sharp and vigorous. came out of the gloom, and snapping lights in myriads (fire flies imported for the occasion, I since learned), appeared, lending a soft light to the place. Tap! came

again, but nothing but the sprinkled lights and the glow on the veil of mist greeted my sight. "Ladies and gentlemen," spoke a voice, "we are here tonight, on this momentous occasion, to petition the San Francisco Board of Supervisors to desist from tearing down this noble ruin."

VOICE.—"Mr. Chairman. Madame Feline is teasing the mice. Are we not here for harmony. Is it fair that cats shall bring their prejudices to this place?"

A MULTITUDE.—"No! no!"

MLLE LA ROSE.—"Go 'way, you nasty Bee!"

CHAIRMAN.—"Order!" (tap, rap, rap). "We are here tonight for harmony—to pass a set of resolutions of regret, that the Supervisors don't appreciate the hallowed memories gathered around this grand edifice. In its passing some of us will be left homeless."

VOICE.— "If we can't get quarters outside the jurisdiction of the Health Department, or find a flat where the family doesn't live from the corner grocery to the mouth."

CHORUS.—"What's the matter with taking to the streets." (Applause).

SEVERAL TOGETHER.—"No use; you never know when the Board of Works won't turn one over again."

VOICE—"I just heard that the Health officers were about to order all street pavements to be of cement, raised eighteen inches above the street level." (Wild applause from Rats).

CHAIRMAN (rapping loudly).—"I am full tonight." (More applause).

CHORUS.— "Oh! he's a jolly good fellow, he's a jolly—"
CHAIRMAN (rapping and shouting for order amid a tumult) — "From Dome to — — foundation — (last word lost).

CHORUS (all together).—"No poetry—". (A yell from the assemblage.)

CHAIRMAN (continuing).—"Near here the Frogs and Supervisors have sat together—and—." (At this point the noise and shouting became so great that I could distinguish but little else than that Billy the Pup had mistaken the Chairman's manuscript for an evening paper and was rushing away with it. However, in a moment the trouble quieted, and a trembling voice which I recognized as Maiden Bee's, got the floor.)

MAIDEN BEE.—"Mr. Chairman, thanking you for restoring order, and in view of your disordered address (laughter), the manuscript I mean (more laughter), I pray

you to consider a motion to appoint a committee on resolutions—resolutions befitting this unhappy occasion."—
(Renewed laughing and applause.) Maiden Bee sat down in confusion (in reality), and remarked aside that "the audience was not only rude, but conventions were not nearly as nice as they ought to be." Fog horns groaned and sirens shrieked out in the Bay, and the vast concourse of little people cried seconds to the motion of Maiden Bee. In due time the committee was appointed, apparently, for a hush settled in the dimly lit rotunda. In the meantime I strolled around and carefully listened to various comments in wisdom which I have stored up for future use—tap, tap, tap.

CHAIR.—"Come to order, please. The Secretary will read the Committee's report."

SECRETARY (mumbles through the paper).

CHAIRMAN.— "You have heard the resolutions: what is your pleasure?"

Voice.—"No we haven't! what's it all about?"

CHAIRMAN.—"The Committee is an honorable one and—"

Voice (which I recognized as Mr. Bee's)—"I move the dome of the new City Hall shall be like a bee hive as a fitting emblem of the city's thrift."

CHAIRMAN.—"Out of order, sir! This meeting is for the purpose of passing recommendations to the Supervisors in regard to the old place, not for new ventures."

RAT.— "That's my idea, exactly." (Applause).

Voice (was recognized as Mr. Goose).—"It is not often, Mr. Chairman, that we have the opportunity to meet such company, all bent upon the same glorious end—"

Voices (shouting together).—"How about the currant wine we read about in Philopolis."

Goose (deprecatingly).—"Oh! that's an old yarn! The point I would like to bring forward now is this. This is a great time (applause), and also a great occasion, a time which speaks—ah! for itself—"

CHORUS.— "Then sit down! Vote! vote! division—question!"

Goose.—"Gentlemen and ladies, lend me your ears. My heart is full tonight (applause), and my head clear (more applause). The dome of the City Hall, in the day-time, looks very like a kettle already to be set for cooking. In truth, also, it looks much as if there was to be a salmi of goose—or duck—on the restaurant bill of fare

every time I gaze that way. Now—(shouts of sit down, you are out of order), I would suggest—I know what I like, and am a plain man—"

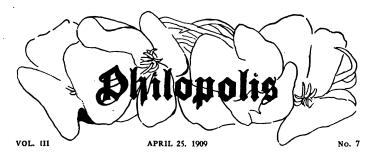
CHORUS.—"Sit down, we'll take you roasted. Never mind the dome — or kettle!"

At this point the damp had worked through my shoe leather and I resolved to go home, feeling quite sure that the result would be conveyed to me next day by the common gossip of our back yard: so I went, despite eating curiosity.



be longer I live, the more it grieves me to see man, who occupies his supreme place for the very purpose of imposing his will upon nature, and freeing himself and his from an outrageous necessity, to see him taken up with some false notion, and doing just the opposite of what he wants to do: and then, because the whole bent of his mind is spoilt, bungling miserably over everything.





The Power of the Resurrection

BY REV. DAVID EVANS

Rector of Grace Church



HE surpassing glory of Easter consists in the magnificent demonstration of the truth that good is more powerful than evil, and that virtue, in spite of a momentary obscuration, can suffer no permanent eclipse. That assurance is what Saint Paul calls "The Power of the Resurrection". The vindica-

tion came so swiftly in the case of Christ simply because He was Himself, the very principle of life incarnate. This is the sufficient explanation of the so-called miracles. Life flowed out of Him in all directions, and as the dark-

ness of night is scattered into flight by the beams of the rising sun, so disease and every mortal ill took wing before His vivifying presence. He was, as it were, an inexhaustible reservoir of perfect health, on which all His operations of love and beneficence made no impression. Life and love indeed are one and the same. You do not live until you love, and then

- "Ah! 'tis as true as Gospel text,
- "Not noble then is never so,
- "Either in this world or the next."

De La Motte Fouquet's allegorical story of the little water sprite Undine is absolutely true in its application to every one of us, and Herrick gives perfect expression to this thought in his poem entitled

"A LIFE NOT LIVED."

"A wearied pilgrim I have wandered here
Twice five and twenty, bate me but one year;
Long I have LASTED in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have LIVED are few.
Who by his grey hairs doth his lustres tell,
LIVES not those years, but he who lives them well:
He lives who loves, the selfish souls who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last."

Life and love then being synonymous terms, as life involves growth, there will be a corresponding expansion of your love until by the grace of God your generous heart will hold in time all men everywhere within its Catholic asylum, and your emancipated spirit will shed the grave clothes of every narrow un-Christlike prejudice. You will be incapable of maintaining an offensive demeanor towards any single human being. Your right hand will be extended to every man as your own "brother". There will be no "foreigners" in your vocabulary, nor any "exclusion bars", as soon as the principle of true life has taken root in your nature.

It was for the purpose of showing not only the beauty but the power of such love as this that God sent into the world a man called Jesus twenty centuries ago, who "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried," in order that after a few brief hours He might "rise again" and convince the world that good is by its very nature more powerful than evil, and bound to emerge triumphant from its temporary tomb.

The little company of men and women who learnt this lesson changed the history of the world. Armed with the knowledge that had come to them they went

forth conquering and to conquer. They laughed at death and sang hymns in the shadow of the grave. With bright shining faces they climbed the scaffold, and with unflinching eye awaited the onset of the Numidian lion. This one thing they knew, which their risen Lord had proved to them. Scholars they were not, only rude and ignorant men, as their enemies called them. Against them was all the philosophy and science of Greece and Rome, but the one thing they had learned from that broken grave with the stone rolled away made them more than a match for all their clever and cultured adversaries. Theirs was the invincible "Power of the Resurrection."

What boots it to have your head crammed with the lore of great universities, to know all that encyclopædic professors can teach you, if you don't know the truth when you see it. Much secular knowledge is often a very dangerous thing, a snare to its possessor, and a calamity to the public. For we see how often men abuse it and turn it to evil purposes. There are "clever journalists who write against their personal convictions; brilliant barristers who hire themselves against what they know to be justice and the right; gifted artists who do unbeautiful

Isabey



things simply to please base employers; ingenious craftsmen who make instruments for foolish uses or bad uses"; in every profession there are able and accomplished men, full of the wisdom of the world and versed in all the knowledge of the schools, who do not know the truth when they see it, but blinded by partizanship and hypnotized by gold, cry out today as others did long ago, "Crucify, crucify".

Far, far better to know the one thing which those simple unsophisticated peasants had learnt than to be as wise as Plato or as eloquent as Cicero, for this, the Easter-knowledge, is the only thing that can vitalize a man's character and make him immune against the microbe of satanic temptation and the lure of all the "kingdoms of the world".

Having this knowledge the Christian of the twentieth century, like the martyr of the first, can possess his soul in patience amid all the changes and chances of this mortal life. No fire can scorch nor any temblor shake him.

"Si fractus inlabatur orbis Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

Suffering, persecution, crucifixion, death, everything

that can happen to him through the malice of his foes, he is ready to accept, and he understands them all. All these things he now knows are only temporary. "The good can never die: cruelty, oppression, selfishness, greed, these die; but nobility, love, sacrifice, generosity, truth, these live for ever and are eternal."

Unutterably sweet, therefore, to every man engaged in a tedious and uphill fight with the powers of darkness in high places, with "Sehon king of the Amorites, and Og the king of Basan," in the Great Easter Festival, for it rings over every battlefield the prophetic pæan of sure and certain victory. The victory may not come in our day, but our eyes can see it coming, "the coming of the glory of the Lord," and that is happiness enough. It is honor enough to have worked for it, and fought and bled for it. That is the glorious message of Easter, and the "Power of the Resurrection."





Various Lessons

From the Exhibition of Paintings in The Shetch Club Rooms

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



NDER ordinary conditions it is only an incident to loan a picture of value for exhibition purposes; but when people have lost so much of their prized belongings as San Franciscans have, it must be very like attending a funeral to see even a small bit pass out of one's immediate possession.

Still this is only one of the ways in which the true man and woman of the city has taken in silence to help replace the old, full life. It is the way the real city is to go on rebuilding. Others may make a great noise, crack their heels and squander a city's millions in vanity but it is our silent faithful majority who build — all cities as well as this—and moralize them also.

It pained me much the other day to see it stated in a



Tope Shetch Club
Toan Exhibition 220 Post Street

Supreme Court decision, in regard to advertising nuisances, that an æsthetic endeavor was considered an indulgence. Æsthetics, or rather works of beautiful intentions, have often been prostituted, and the lascivious often use the saying "Evil to him who evil thinketh" to cover a vile intention, but this does not make the æsthetic synonymous with indulgence. Excessive advertising is an indulgence and debasing to a community. The pursuit of any occupation or acquiring any benefit of a material nature, that is not accompanied with a desire for some measure of ethical and æsthetic result, is indulgence in the nature of debauchery. Prosecuting or pursuing anything to the oblivion of charity and sympathy leads to injustice, debauchery of the law and the ultimate slavery or self destruction of the prosecutor or pursuer. And it was this idea in mind that impelled me to combat the notion, widely entertained in San Francisco after the fire, that it would be twenty years before the people here would have time or the resources to cultivate their æsthetic, or artistic inclinations. And it is the substance upon which rests my resentment towards the ugly "in art" that excuses its existence on the ground of pressure of circumstances or lack of funds. One need not be

uncharitable with a half loaf, or unjust in the company of the unjust, or unbeautiful in poverty.

If, after the fire, which all but annihilated San Francisco — in the material but not in spirit — the city had held a body organized for the general welfare of the artists, and directed by their own good faith, the story of their rehabilitation and final re-entry into the life of the community would undoubtedly have read quite differently than the one we read today. Fortunately there was one Society of Artists, though not general in its field of action. Still it was a nucleus. Spoken of often somewhat slightingly as a mere gathering of advanced students and dilettanti, and bearing a name only suggestive of slightness, one might in a careless humor and with the best of faith and intention, have viewed it as one of the first things a great disaster would destroy leaving nothing but a pinch of ashes in memory to itself and to the forgetfulness of others. But it so happened that its "smallness" was the grace that saved it for us. I am often much amazed at the way in which some people speak of a large canvass as important, and a small one as unimportant. To me the Paris Salon was a distressing element in a world of art, and the larger

the pictures shown there the more distressed this exhibition appeared. We never assume that three hundred pounds of human flesh with little of grey matter as a guiding force, is important. It is the spirit, the intention and the accomplishments of men that we esteem as great, or small; so why not look upon men's works—paintings in this instance—regardless of feet and inches and pounds. It should be the same with institutions, and in this way none would feel it a greater deed to wreck a large one than to improve a small one. However, to come closer to the subject. The Sketch Club was small; it is, perhaps, small yet, and let us hope that it will remain small if it is ordained that only "small things" can act when the necessity of action is paramount.





THE LONELY ROAD
Awarded the Philopolis Prize

Isabel G. Hunter



THIN a few hours after the fire a small group of artists—painters mostly—who had resided at some time in San Francisco, gathered in a New York studio and planned for a sale of works of fine art in that city for the benefit of the San Fran-

cisco artists, painters and sculptors. Within thirty days the first five thousand dollars was in the hands of the treasurer of the fund, Mr. R. J. Taussig, in San Francisco. There were no checks to bank in those days, so the first sum came as a roll of greenbacks. The committee here did not receive the last of the proceeds of the sale, some twelve thousand dollars, until late in December. Besides this about eighteen hundred dollars was forwarded from Boston and New York for the rehabilitation of the general affairs of the artists of San Francisco. When the artists of San Francisco finally come to their own, the names of Emile Carlsen and Gutzam Borglam, respectively the chairman and the treasurer of the New York committee, should be written with the rest on the threshold in good durable colors. And let us hope that the Sketch Club shall be remembered also. It is a simple history and small - involving a small sum of money and

small people perhaps, but it was enough—and would have been enough even if smaller. It is the ready action at the right time which counts and does the work worth while in this world—which reminds me of a story:

A good quaker one day chancing on a crowd which was telling a poor shepherd how sorry it was he had lost his sheep, laconically offered three dollars to him with the remark, "I am sorry three dollars worth: how much are the rest sorry for?" The artists of New York were sorry for us to the tune of some fourteen thousand: the Sketch Club was sorry enough for San Francisco in its plight to gather itself together "in a small way", and hold an exhibition in the temporary quarters of the city: so today it is glad in new quarters in the new town, and happy in giving San Francisco the best exhibition of paintings it has had for years. It is "small", but it is great—a paradox—well life is a paradox, so is art.





T is this paradoxical nature of life and the arts that gives them their zest and fascination, and, perhaps, the why and wherefore of the failure of criticism to enact a stable system of conduct or create an unbreakable

code of æsthetics, and the reason for the people's response in time of stress and struggle to ideals rather than mere substance. The greatest painters among the Dutch lived and worked during Holland's mightiest struggles against the sea and its political enemies.

And none may say truly that the painters of France of the first half of the nineteenth century, upon whom the glory of French painting shall finally rest, painted in quiet, in peaceful times, and obedience to institutions. Men like Daubigny and Millet were romanticists, yes! but their romanticism was as vital in its realism as if the romance were not there. Their antipathies—if they had any—as their works show, were towards the pretenses of realism and the artificialities of the academy, rather than towards the principle of either art. For regard them as you will, the essential differences among these three phases of modern painting consists only in the attitude of the painter—the attitude being domi-

nated, as a matter of course, by his mentality. From a purely æsthetic point of view, realism and academicism are deficient, both in individual impulse and reserve. Neither gives the painter fair play, as fancy (romance) wanders, and we are given a formulated system of design on the one hand and a formulated method of the mimicry of nature on the other. Now there is a vast difference between the naturalistic tendencies of the painters of the Renaissance period and modern realism. The first was nerve and the latter is over consciousness - not conscientiousness. And if one truly desires to know the exact place of men like Whistler in modern, or any other phase of art, the thread of the history of painting must be picked up with a complete understanding of the various phases the fine art of painting might take to itself. Whistler was "influenced". Well, all artists are influenced. A school, in the true sense, is a series of counter influences — a system of active and re-active forces which brings forward a central or dominant quality. And we are to measure the worthiness of it by any sense of relations or proportion it shows on its face value. In other words the value of a work should not be estimated upon things or qualities which are primarily

external to it. To proceed otherwise is to beget an inconsequential and misdirecting criticism. Where a criticism is based upon such incidental, or secondary, affairs as realism, the technical use of materials, or subject matter, it is led into the somewhat loose conclusion that like subjects, a common interchange of technical methods, or the presence of water, a specific kind of tree, or hill, or creature, in the paintings of different painters, is a proof of undue influence proceeding from somewhere - never very clearly located. In the same way qualities so general in their nature, as tone in color, or the arrangement of lights, darks and colors in sequence, as it were, on or in a given field of color (tone), is often attributed to an exclusive quality — only inclusive in some exotic individualism of manner. I am often astonished at the flip way in which even professional painters speak of influences where it is all too evident that the influences are in every sense but a reflection of environment, more or less modified by general practices, among artists, which have long since become common properties of the studio. To the superficial, Whistler's unique qualities are supposed to exist in "low tone" painting, and a Japanesque species of design grafted

upon the "low tone", when in fact the "low tone" does not exist in this painter's endeavor, and there is nothing in Japanese art — excepting the Japanese physiognomy that is not common to the occidental. And the real humor of the situation does not exist in a phase of popular error, but in an opinion emanating from "professional" sources. A very conceited and self-sufficient Japanese once told me that a certain work of mine large but not so important - convinced him that I was much under the influence of Hokasai. Later the same, after catching a glimpse of a bit of orange yellow in another canvass, exclaimed: "The last time I here it was Hokasai, now Tokipoky," or some other Japanese color printer who was supposed to have been the first to introduce orange into his prints. I laughed as a matter of course; for what will one have. If a foreigner does not know that a certain orange yellow flower is Californian, he would naturally imply that a bit of orange yellow was a Japanese - or some other influence - if it happened in a painting, and the observer did not know the difference between physiognomy and botany, or where the art ends and the individual enters, in every work.

A Paragraph from French Revolution

IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND



RANCE had still its moments of enthusiasm and illusion before plunging into the abyss of woes. It seemed under an hallucination, or suffering from a sort of vertigo. A nameless frenzy, both in good and evil, agitated and disturbed it beyond measure

in 1792, that year so fertile in surprises and dramas of every kind.

Lovers of paradoxes have tried to represent the September massacres as something spontaneous, a passing delirium of opinion, a sort of great national convulsion. This myth was a lie against history and humanity. It exists no longer, heaven be thanked. The mists with which it was sought to shroud these execrable crimes are now dissipated. Light has been shed upon that series of infernal spectacles which would have made cannibals blush. No; these odious massacres were not

the result of a popular movement, an unforseen fanaticism, a paroxysm of rage or vengeance. They present an ensemble of murders committed in cool blood, a planned and premeditated thing.

Edgar Quinet has not hesitated to recognize this in his book, La Revolution. He says: "The massacres were executed administratively; the same discipline was everywhere displayed throughout the carnage. . . . This was not a piece of blind, spontaneous barbarism; it was a barbarity slowly meditated, minutely elaborated by a sanguinary mind. Hence it bears no resemblance to anything previously known in history. Marat harvested in September what he had been sowing for three years." The Parisian populace, eight hundred thousand souls, was inert; it was cowardly, it trembled; but it did not approve, it was not an accomplice.

The whole city is in custody, like a criminal whose limbs are held while he is being searched and put in irons. Every house is inspected by the agents of the Commune. A knock at the door makes the inmates tremble. The denunciation of an enemy, a servant, a neighbor, is a death sentence. People scarcely dare to breathe.



An Art Gallery

ND now, would that the lot formerly occupied by the Huntington home could be secured for a gallery, to hold the treasures of the city, and be a fitting appreciation of the beauty of the California street hill and a worthy monument to the donor. A

cathedral to crown the hill is assured by the munificence of the Crocker family. Should Mrs. Huntington deem it wise to give her lot for a gallery, it would perpetuate the memory of the collection of paintings consumed by the fire of 1906, in the Huntington home, and in which he took so much pride.

hat eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes. and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk.

ÆS TRIPLEX - Robert Louis Stevenson



CALIFORNIA STREET HILL FROM THE BAY, SHOWING EFFECT OF A CITY HALL ON ITS SOUTH SLOPE



San Francisco and Its Civic Center



ERHAPS no plan ever devised for a city's betterment has been graced with a more unfortunate title than that created through the instrumentality of our own public spirited citizens. "Beautification Plans, and for San Francisco's Adornment"—the very suggestion of the dubious title

and explanation carries disaster and useless extravagance to the mind of the average man. So, when these suggestions were taken up again after the great fire, the average man, with the naturally obstructive element, set

his face naturally against "beautification" and the adornment of his city. The practical side of the question was never properly presented to his attention; and, as he had got along fairly well for years in a badly planned city, he could not see why he should be put to the attending inconveniences and expense of changing things, or advancing them, when seemingly he had all before him he could wrestle with, "the restoration of San Francisco on the old lines."

Now, it is comparatively easy for those who spend much of their time abroad or in the East to say that San Francisco is good enough as it is. One who holds an advantageous position—owns a lot on Kearny and Market streets—and draws a fine income, in tax, on the city, can amuse himself elsewhere—may enjoy "unearned increments" in two directions, as it were; but what of the hundreds of thousands who pass the years, from one end to the other, in this city. These can be fooled with spurious arguments and large can'ts for a length of time, but the period comes when they are tricked no longer. "If those who hold advantageous positions can play elsewhere and spend thousands abroad, why can't they spend thousands for the betterment of their

town—the one they live on—and pay from?" The question is a trite one, and more than one dynasty, and more than one institution has gone down before it because the man with the advantageous position would not meet the question fairly and squarely.

ORGET that we have plans called "Beautification Plans"; forget that there is any question of adornment at all, and remember that they are primarily for the betterment of the city in a practical and a healthful way—the beautification being only an accompaniment of the first intention.

I have always viewed these maps of an improved San Francisco as just so much valuable suggestion and material collected for our better information—something to be acted upon slowly and always in the light of a tentative measure, or measures. As they stood before the fire they appeared timid where greater boldness seemed desirable and bold where the necessity appeared too remote for living creature. In other words, so soon as the city's center was approached, the designers became entangled in doubts and compromises; so the whole plan eventually got askew, so to speak.

AN Ness Avenue has perhaps been the stumbling block of every man who has tried to do anything for the improvement of the town. Its bulk and length deceives all in regard to its relative importance in the city's business. This avenue in truth is about as important to the business and traffic of San Francisco as Fish Alley is to that of Chinatown. It begins and ends no where in particular. Again, Market Street ceases to be an all important thoroughfare as soon as it passes the streets which lead into the valley between Pacific Heights and Hayes Street Hill. If you take the point of contact of Market Street with Van Ness Avenue and remember that it was once proposed, and carried, to bring the Park Panhandle down to this point of contact, it will quickly be seen why the "Civic Center" of San Francisco was placed on the "Beautification Plans" where it is now proposed to build it.

Now, if one is convinced that the ultimate destiny of Van Ness Avenue is a busy central retail depot, and that San Francisco's business center moves constantly westward, he will believe that the proposed "Civic Center" has a future meaning, if it has none now. Again, if one believes that eventually San Francisco will be approached



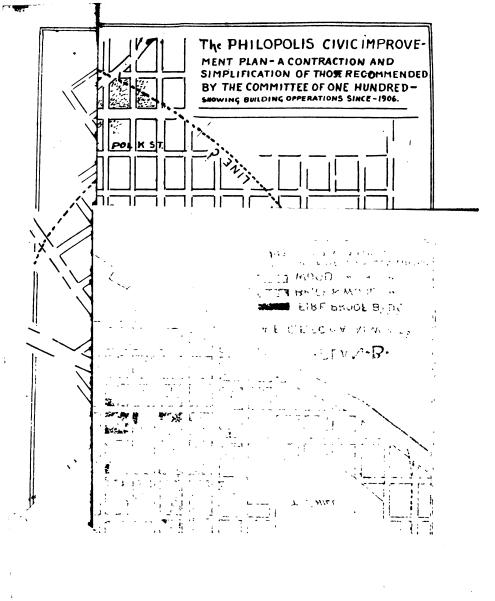
GOVERNMENT CENTER AS PROPOSED BY Thilopolis.

by railway through the Mission Gap, he will have two reasons for believing that the said "Civic Center" is well placed. But if he sees the active center of San Francisco constantly working southward and believes the city's great railroads shall enter by way of the Bay Shore Cut Off, then he will be firmly convinced that the proposed "Civic Center" and Railway Station, as placed on the plan of "Civic Beautification" will be farther away from San Francisco's active center in fifty years than they are today—a bad prospect.

VERY man in San Francisco looks suspiciously at the future of Market Street. Various schemes for elevated and underground thoroughfares have been suggested to relieve the inevitable congestion which promises; but I have never yet found any one who could look me square in the face and swear they knew what the result of either would be. The merest casual glance at Map H, accompanying this article, with the solid rigid street car lines emptying into Market between Sutter and McAllister Streets, is enough to worry one for the future of Market Street. The plan of San Francisco's streets, coupled with its peculiar topo-

graphy, is such that it brings the whole of the population and business of the city, north of the line of Market Street, including both South and North Park districts, down to Market Street between Battery and Turk Streets—and there some day the business and people will wedge so tightly that neither may move. And this is why we should give the Committee of One Hundred, which took up the question of San Francisco's streets, the credit of making a distinct improvement on the first "Beautification Plans." The street it devised, swinging from Kearny and Commercial Streets to Union Square, and giving a widened Commercial Street, with a new diagonal avenue running from Union Square to Van Ness Avenue and the "Civic Center" - marked A. G. F. on Plan B—offers a feasible and parallel avenue to Market Street, which would run, as shown on Map B, from the Ferry to all streets going East, between Sutter Street and Golden Gate Avenue. In this Plan we offer a modification of this avenue which ignores the proposed "Civic Center" and suggests that the proper line for an extension of the Park Panhandle would be between McAllister Street and Golden Gate Avenue. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt this new north parallel to

Market Street would cost one-twentieth of the price of either an elevated railway or a subway along Market Street, and would be about twenty times more efficient, as it would relieve instead of congesting a soon to be over-crowded thoroughfare. Again, the new avenue south of Market Street - marked on Plan B as A. C. E. F., also on the "Beautification Plans," but further south which joins Folsom, Howard and Mission with McAllister Street and Golden Gate Avenue, would also assist in carrying both north and south Market Street traffic, making the latter a comparatively easy avenue for circulation. Of course all this throws the proposed "Civic Center" further off the line of travel and inconveniently aside from the general scheme of the "Beautification Plans." But this can not be helped. Things should be co-related and co-ordinate. The skeleton of every proposed entity should be constructed first: then comes the flesh and then the color and adornment. Traffic, cows and humanity seek direct lines on the easiest grades — the lower levels if possible: so a city should be first planned for easy grades in its streets and quick, uncrowded circula-This is business, and cities are built first for business: the Devil only knows what's to come secondly.

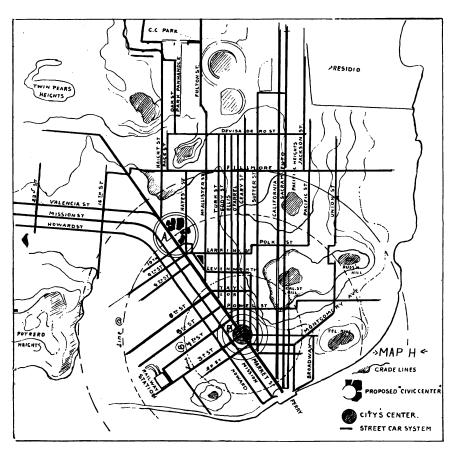


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"CIVIC CENTER" and a City's Center, if it please you, are two propositions in diametrical opposition; the first can be arbitrarily placed — on a map — but the latter is the storm center of human production and exchange. San Francisco proper is the heart, as it were, of the principality of California, and if it had so happened that California was an inland province, its heart would have been located somewhere at the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. But San Francisco is not an inland city, the metropolis of an inland state; so it has neither major nor minor axis, and if it had been allowed to develop naturally, like all cities built on coves open to the commerce of the world, its avenues of approach and exit would have radiated from some point on the cove, like the sticks in a fan. However as San Francisco is not Paris or London, or New York either, is not an inland town, and was not allowed to create its street plan naturally - without the aid of a surveyor - one can not be expected to look upon all moves towards its betterment without a touch of levity, unless the dominating idea of all is to correct the surveyors' errors of conception.

AYBE no proposition ever presented to the voter of San Francisco for his kind consideration and uninformed vote can compare—in inappropriateness of condition—with the so-called "Civic Center Bond Issue." And one might compare its supporters to the fair Princess who, having heard that the people wanted bread, asked, "Why don't they eat cake?" A tardy action always begets a bull.

Now the "Civic Center" of San Francisco is very like a donkey in a moth eaten lion's skin. As originally designed and described it was not mentioned as a possible site for a City Hall—a government business center—but is described vaguely as a bank of columns with cornice levels at a height of eighty feet. Of course the average voter doesn't realize that a radius struck from Kearny and Market Streets and touching the center of the "Civic Center"—so called—would be equal to the distance from Kearny and Market Streets to the extreme limit of Telegraph Hill, or to the north foot of Russian Hill, or to the Potrero Heights, and also half way to Goat Island. In other words a government building in the "Civic Center" would be about six



MAP 3. SHOWING STREET CAR SYSTEM OF SAN FRANCISCO.

thousand four hundred feet, or a mile and a quarter from San Francisco proper.

It has been said that the Mission district wants the City Hall in the "Civic Center." Well! the Mission wanted the Corporation Yards in the Mission, and actually got them there for a while, although the City owns the right property on North Beach. It is said that the Old City Hall Site is closed in from Market Street—"the view is spoiled, etc."—but we are asked to buy five blocks of land in another place when we might, by acquiring a mere strip of land, open up the old site. Again, the average voter does not know that the grades on Market Street change at Ninth Street, and gives it the effect of falling off: so a public building on the "Civic Center Site" would have the effect of sinking away, if perchance it could be seen from a point below Eighth Street.

URIOUSLY enough there is a spirit of knocking rife in certain districts and towns lying around San Francisco proper; and these knockings are aimed at the mother city. The calamities of the mother to a certain extent accrued to the temporary profits of these districts, and some other places: so the persistent

whisper that "business is bad down town" as these temporary profits begin to slip away with the rehabilitation of the center piece.

If some people in San Francisco could get rid of the egotistic notion that the City is a self-sustaining and independent entity, and not a part of the autonomy of the principality of California, perhaps some of San Francisco's dependant residential districts with their purely local "business centers"—small retail establishments—might gather to themselves this information, they are but out-growths of San Francisco proper—and dependant upon the prosperity of San Francisco proper for their bread and butter.

UT this is getting serious, and I started only with a touch of levity and in danger of being called a knocker. Well! 'tis sad to see men taking hold of the wrong handle — or rather, in this instance — clutching the wrong "Civic Center."

As we have said before, there are about forty odd blocks of empty lands crying for a tenantry, between Powell and Polk Streets: these are in the fire limits and an unequal building ordinance practically prohibits

building on them—not because our building ordinance is too stringent, judging from certain buildings being erected on Market Street, but because the said building ordinance permits the building of four and five storied wooden shacks just over the line.

IND! I am not posing as an expert in city or house building; for as an astute student of city building has said: "There are no experts in modern city building; the modern city is too young—being only about twenty-five years old—to have developed experts." I am merely an enquiring voter and tax-payer who has not had it explained to him yet why the city can't—on account of the difficulty of getting money, etc.—do the practical, and yet some assume that it can accomplish the impractical at ten times the cost of the practical.

E have gone to great pains and located all the fire-proof buildings and brick and wood structures, which are necessary to illustrate the rehabilitation of San Francisco proper, on our contracted and modified City Betterment Plan, and are surprised



OLD CITY HALL IN COURSE OF DESTRUCTION.

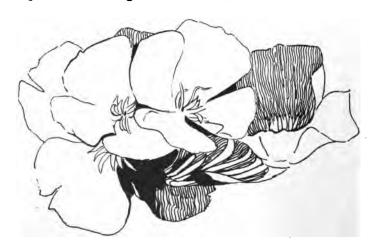
at the concentration of action of individuals where there is no governmental influence. At one time it appeared as if there was no central idea in anything San Franciscan; but all of a moment building operations centralized and for the past twelve months all of effort seems to have concentrated within the circular line B on Map B. There were but few additions to make beyond it. The second surprise—if either were surprises—is in the way building offers but few barriers to Avenue M. K. G. on Map B. Of course the first effect is accounted for by the demands for central locations for business, and the second is known to everybody who knows the lay of the land north of the retail district. The suggestion then comes: if it is right and convenient for wholesalers, retailers, etc., to group themselves together with the financial institutions at a point where the majority of people move and do business, then it follows naturally that the government's business center (of a city) should be as close to the center of activity as the space available will allow. Therefore, taking into consideration the tendency of modern cities to build high, and the general desire of citizens that their government business offices shall be commanding, the proper site in San Francisco

for these offices would be the slope of California Street Hill—not on top—don't err; but on the slope within a moment's walk of business houses which constantly have business there; and where the stranger, as well as the inhabitant, may see them the moment he enters our gates. I would not put every citizen to the pain of going to such an inaccessible, inane, flat and stupid site as Van Ness Avenue and Market Street—the land of small manufacturers, cheap tenements, the automobile garage, the blacksmith and the stable.

Verily, the whole scheme looks like another Postoffice fiasco, or another bad Library location, or another Corporation Yards misplacement, or another misplacing of City Prisons, or another Affiliated College sans tenants.

HE New Park in the Potrero? that is a local district affair and only concerns the Potrero, provided its demands are as modest as it is unimportant. As to Telegraph Hill preservation—my heart has always been with those who have worked for it so long, so ardently and so faithfully that I feel their efforts should be rewarded—even at this late day. Further, this is not a local question; it concerns every

citizen and the private rights of every citizen; and then think of the stranger who enters our gates with that wanton spectacle of destruction before his eyes. What does he think of us? And what would he think of us with a government center out of sight and vacated on one end of the city, a rock crusher at the other, and an impassable thoroughfare between the two?



The Golden Age was first; which vncompeld, And without rule, in faith and Truth exceld. As then, there was nor punishment, nor seare; Nor threatning Lawes in brasse prescribed were; Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shooke to see Their angrie Judge: but all was safe and free. To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline. Then, vn-ambitious Mortals knew no more, But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded shore.

Publius Ovidius Naso — METAMORPHOSIS.



FROM PAINTING BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS.



La Bocana

BY ALEXANDER MCADIE

ERUSALEM has its Golden Gate which the Turks, with due precaution, keep walled, lest the Giaour come some day, and passing through, conquer and take possession, for so did the prophets of old forecast. Our Golden Gate lies open, all unwalled, save where the hills come down to meet

the water. Through it believer and unbeliever pass. Alike they enter and depart; and all bear testimony to the glory of our Gate.

From the west, one does not readily perceive the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. The landfall is

peculiar, and the Marin hills in friendly fashion lean over and seem to join the crests of the southern peninsula, while the background Contra Costa hills make a continuous sky line. The early explorers failed to discover the Bay from without and never entered — Spaniard and Englishman sailed by in ignorance and their lookouts saw no sign.

From the east, the vision is of splendor, unobscured. Seen from the Berkeley hills, La Bocana de la Ensenada de los Farallones (the Gate of the Gulf of the Farallones) deserves the praise we love to lavish on it. It was from the east that the present name came. Sixtyone years ago (1848), Fremont marked the passage on his survey sheet, Chrysopylae (Gate of Gold). But seventy-six years earlier, white men had looked through and beyond. The Captain Commandante Fages, the Padre Crespi and twelve soldiers marching slowly up the eastern side of the Bay came, on a day in March, to el Arroyo del Bosque (the Oakland estuary). Next day, from the Berkeley hills, clear and distinct, they saw the wonderful Gate. In line with Alcatraz in the far distance lay the Farallone rocks; and so these first white men to gaze upon the Golden Gate aptly named it la Bocana.

More nearly right they were than those who coming later named it Golden. Perchance these saw the Gate near day's decline, when on the water's face the sunshine lingered. Not unmoved, but all unthinking, they likened that rare tide of shimmering light to gold. Gold—ever moving, ever undoing men and nations. 'Twas scant and doubtful honor to the glorious hues. Soldier, priest, poet and pathfinder! knew ye not that gold is lacking in the sun? We trace our other metals there, but gold—the gold of man—is strangely lacking. The light of evening veils no hope of earthly pomp and power. Men struggle not with men for its possession. Its speech is to the soul—its song is of the stars. Oh! that these early comers to the western rim had called the vision—"Gate of Light."

Gate of the Gulf! Thy portals tell of power. Beyond the stern faced cliffs a far flung line of scurrying foam denotes the breaking bar. No moaning here where sullen waters spend their strength. Ocean's messengers, they spring to smite the defiant Heads. Yet ere the mark be reached, tossed high in air, they break and fall, even as eager souls 'mongst men, seeking to master the o'ershadowing years. Shouting defiance to a drowsy age

that little heeds their call, they fall and pass like flecks of foam on wandering wave.

Gate of rare beauty! This side thy towers, the stately ships find pleasant moorings. Tho' there are deeps within the channel lines, they sail serenely through and come to where the anchors hold. There is no straining at the chains. Contentedly, like sheltered souls in happy homes, they rest. Neither adverse tide nor furious blast disturb; and the encircling hills and overshadowing years look down with neither frown nor fret.



Carrying Civilization into Africa

AS SEEN BY

PETER MOOR

By Louis T. Hengstler

NERGY and vigor exist only in their manifestations. A giant who has the strength to move mountains, but does not move mountains, is not a giant. Thus a nation is not a great nation if it does not attempt

things, if it is absorbed in its domestic policy, and leaves it to other nations to think and work out the world policies. Nothing was more natural for our own country, when it became titanic in power and extent, than that it should yield to the titanic impulse to make an impression upon the outside world. The Munroe policy was a symptom betraying the consciousness of power, but was dictated more or less by self-defence. The use of American ideals for the work to be done in Cuba, Porto Rico, Samoa, and the Philippine Islands, was due to an irresistible impulse on the part of a strong nation to have a share in the world's work, and is only a begin-

ning in that direction. If the policy of isolation, of minding our own national business, had not been served to this nation by her wisest nurse, to thrive and grow big on, we should see more clearly that expansion is the necessary good Mellin's Food for an infant nation to grow upon; but when the stage of adolescence and manhood is reached, the national giant looks about him to find dragons to slay and expend his surplus energy. In conventional terms, after the nation has reached that stage, it must expand, and cannot help it.

Some nations reached that stage centuries ago. England's overflowing energy has continued to expand, and she has pushed her elbows into all parts of the known and unknown world; Spain, Portugal and Holland long ago formed gigantic colonies in remote portions of the globe. Some of the newcomers among nations have found the problem of expanding a more complicated affair, as they found not much of the world's territory left to spread over. Germany, the United States and Japan are examples of modern powerful nations whose natural growth has raised and is raising serious problems. Crowding civilized neighbors out of their habitations is no longer a question of brute force, but a



GOTHIC HOME BUILT BY EDGAR A. MATHEWS.

world policy. In the middle ages Germany could have gobbled up the Netherlands, assuming she was physically able to do so; but nowadays such a transaction is one in which all the great powers are concerned. Even expanding over territory occupied by savage tribes is not an easy matter now; for practically all such territory is under the wing of one or the other of the civilized powers.

Germany's ambition as a naval power, a colonial power, a world power, was awakened barely twenty years ago. We are used to think of the Bismarckian policies as cyclopean in their scope, but they were narrow and confined in comparison with today's policy of the German Empire. Bismarck's policy was constructive, up-building, a policy of growth and preparation for the world's work. It trained the physical powers of the young Empire. But now that the national muscle is hardened, and the young giant ready to perform, he must try his strength on herculean labors. Besides, with a nation like Germany, expanding is a greater necessity than with a nation like the United States. The millions of Germans are crowded together in close quarters, and race suicide is not the fashion of Germany. She grows

at the rate of almost one million per year, and if she does not overflow, she must suffocate. Hence her first problem was to find some vacant space somewhere in the world where her surplus population could settle, without being absorbed by other civilized nationalities. To find that space was not especially difficult. When I was a school boy, I could have solved the problem myself, for I have a very vivid recollection of a gigantic white field staring at me from the map of Africa in the school atlas, across which was written the provoking word "unexplored". It certainly looked like an ideal dumping ground for overflowing civilizations. It was the only conspicuously white spot on the maps; everything else in foreign parts was a Protectorate, Province, Colony or Sphere of Influence, of some other civilized nation, particularly England and Holland. International law, made by the representatives of European civilization, considers territory inhabited by so-called savages to be really uninhabited, as far as the right to occupy it is concerned; hence there was no necessity for inquiring whether the white unexplored spot extending over Africa had any, or many, human beings occupying it. Civilization does not recognize the principle of the

"Consent of the Government" in its application to savages or peoples of a different civilization from the European or Christian brand.

Thus the youngest of the colonial powers must be satisfied with lands found by the older ones as not worth while picking up. It was not until 1884 that Germany established her protectorate over Angra Peguena. Just as in the United States some persons regard the civilizing work done by us in the Philippine Islands, Cuba and elsewhere, as a deliberate and unwise plunge into a sea of trouble, so old-fashioned citizens of the Fatherland cling to the stubborn opinion that the joys of their country would have been more plentiful and of a purer character if she had kept out of the colonizing business; but, as already expounded, this is a narrow and unjust yiew. A nation, like an individual, must have its growing pains while it grows. The knowledge that the work of carrying civilization into heathen lands is one involving sacrifice of comfort in life is poor ground for arguing that the work should not be done. We in the United States have our Moros and Igorrotes, and a certain impression that these words mean reprehensible beings, fit principally to be exterminated. Our notions of how

to civilize them are very hazy; to many of us the only method of accomplishing that result in the case of wild humanity is the method popularly recommended for the making of a good Indian.

My object in following Peter Moor's story of how he helped carry German civilization into darkest Africa, is to give a somewhat more graphic impression than we ordinarily realize, of what happens when the European and the wild man meet in the wild man's jungle.

In the second year of my military service, in January 1904, I was walking along with two comrades through the streets of Hamburg, when my friend Gehlsen walked up to us and said "Did you read about it?", I said, "What?" He said "In southwest Africa the blacks have killed all the farmers, with their wives and children." I asked, "Are those people who were killed Germans?" "Certainly," he said, "Swabians and Bavarians and from all the German countries, also three or four from Holstein. Now, what do you think, we who belong to the Naval Batallion—", and then I suddenly read from, his eyes what he wanted to say. "We must go there", said I. He shrugged his shoulders, "Who else?" said he.

Then we were silent for a few moments, many things passing through our heads. Then I said, "Well, let's go to the front", and felt quite elated. In walking along I looked at the faces passing, to see if they knew, and if they could tell by our looks that we were going to southeast Africa to avenge the spilling of German blood by a wild and heathen people.

On the following day my father and mother came down from their little home in the country for a few My father asked many things; if wild animals existed in those parts, if the enemies used fire arms, or bow and arrow; if it was very hot and feverish there, and other things. I could not answer his questions, for I knew nothing about all those things. My mother remained silent all the time. She stared with large eyes at the floor, and when she looked up, in my direction, she looked as if it were the last time that she should lay eves upon her son. When the time came I accompanied them back to the railroad station. When their train arrived, and before they boarded it, my father begged me to bring home a little souvenir, a horn or some ornament of the enemies, or something of that sort. I believe he had saved up that remark so that he would

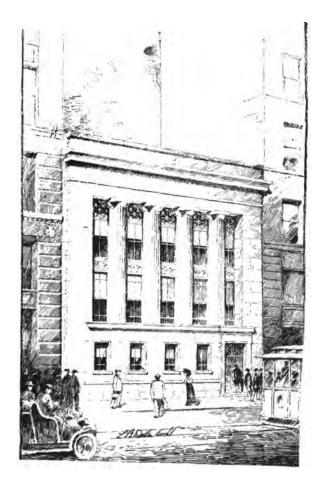
have something to say in the last moment. My mother suddenly fell on my neck and wept. As she hadn't embraced me since my earliest childhood, I was startled, and asked, "What are you doing, mother?" She replied, "I don't know, my son, if I shall see you again". I laughed and shook her by the hand, and said, "There is no danger; I am sure I'll come back".

The same night, about midnight, we marched through the city down to the quay, through thousands of people marching along with us, who addressed us, greeted us, threw flowers at us, and carried our guns for us. Finally we boarded the transport lying at the quay, on a clear, bitterly cold night.

After a long voyage we saw on the horizon in the distance a few large steamers at anchor, and behind them an endless streak of reddish-white sand coming out of the ocean. The white sunlight was reflected from sea and sand dunes. At first we thought this was a bar lying in front of the land, so that the beautiful and large city of Swakopmund, and the palms and the lions shouldn't get their feet wet; but soon, as the fog blew away, we saw in the glittering air upon the barren sand, white houses, long barracks and a light tower. There

we stood and wondered. Many of us silently looked at the inhospitable and barren land. Others said mockingly: "To have come so far on account of such a country!"

On the following morning we landed. We had expected that all Swakopmund would be waiting for us upon the shore, glad that assistance had at last arrived; but there was not a human being to be seen. No one offered us a word of greeting. The few faces which we saw from a distance seemed to bear an indifferent and somewhat mocking expression. All around was dry, hot sand upon which the sun poured down with a blinding reflection. At the railroad station a train was waiting for us, made up of an endless row of low, small sand wagons, propelled by five to seven diminutive engines. We started at once into the interior, with a good deal of panting, clattering and groaning of the cars and engines. Our way led higher and higher up into the mountains, until evening, when we came out on a plateau. before us lay bare, horrid, titanic mountains, and forty miles behind us we saw the ocean which we had left in the morning. There was no sign of life about except us diminutive human beings, winding our way through



BALFOUR GUTHRIE BUILDING
L. B. DUTTON, Architect

the canyon between huge, barren, jagged crags and cliffs. At the next station we were ordered to load our guns and keep them in readiness. For several nights and days our train proceeded through canyons, while our food became scarce and thirst began to torment us. The water which we found had a disgusting salt taste, and we hardly dared to wet our lips with it. Finally the country opened out upon a wide plain. At last, we said to ourselves, the palm groves will make their appearance; but about us there was nothing but grass; vellow, dry grass, knee deep, out of which gnarly brush arose here and there. Now and then, in the far, far distance, a little above the plain, in the hot, trembling air, we saw what we had been dreaming of: tall, fruit-laden trees and blue lakes, but when we came nearer they vanished. It was the mirage of the desert.

It was decided to circumvent the enemy in a large circle, to prevent them from fleeing into British territory in the east, and to drive them back towards the seashore. To do this work we were altogether three hundred men. The march was led by a troop of old African officers and soldiers, all on horseback. Then came the old man, the Major, with his officers. Then, in a long, thin line,

we marched, wrapped in a cloud of dust. In our line were our thirty enormous prairie schooners with provisions, and our cannon, pulled by ten to twenty-four long horned oxen, and driven by blacks. On both sides of the road stood the gray, mysterious brush, with its hard, gnarly wood, and its long, thin, finger-like thorns. Through such surroundings we marched on, day after day, week after week, getting more and more starved and worn out with thirst, and often leaving our animals lying in their tracks, where they fell exhausted. We hardly noticed that our strength oozed out of us by degrees. Only sometimes I was surprised to ask myself, "Why is there no talk, no argument; where are all our silly folks, formerly there had been so many rogues amongst us, why don't they sing; how pale and yellow and thin my friend Behrens has become! How deep and feverish our sergeant's eyes are, staring out of his head! What queer thin whiskers we young fellows are growing!"

Towards the end of the fourth week our scouts reported that the enemy was near. We at once fortified our camp, and all our cavalrymen, not only the old African, but also most of our officers, left camp to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. We watched them

leaving, about forty strong, on horseback, early in the morning. The old man, with his small, erect body, and his alert face, was riding in the midst of them. Our lieutenant was there. I was piqued because he took the corporal with him instead of me, but I followed him with my eyes until he disappeared in the bushes. His hat sat on his left ear. That evening we were around our fires and were eating our supper, when suddenly the group next to us stretched their necks and jumped up. We heard a voice from the distance. From the direction in which our proud cavalrymen had left in the morning a single rider came galloping furiously, his horse covered with sweat and foam. He couldn't speak, or wouldn't. The captain came from his tent and took him in. A moment later, two other riders, old Africans, appeared. They called for the captain and said hoarsely, "More than half are dead!"

It was now evening before Easter. That evening my friend Behrens bequeathed to me, in case of accident, his pistols, which he had brought with him from Kiel, and I bequeathed to him my watch and chain, which I had earned in my father's workshop as a fourteen year old boy. The following morning, when it was still dark,

we built a beautiful Easter fire in camp, and stood about it, and after all we were glad we were still living, although our life was a dirty, joyless and rather painful one; and we thought of our homes, how now mother was dealing out the Sunday clothes to the children, how the morning coffee spread its festive odor through the house, and how the church bells called out over the roofs of the houses. At that very hour, in the gray of the morning, a large body of our enemies squatted down in a particularly bushy part of the road which we had to pass later in the day, to lie in wait for us. About six o'clock we started on the march. Our column, with the many wagons pulled by twenty-four oxen apiece, and our cannons, spread out over a line about eight miles long. Our way was winding through the bush, and at one time we could see only a small part of the column. The crack of the whips and the call of the black drivers to their oxen could be heard all along.

I marched along in deep thoughts of my own; I imagined I was in the street where the folk were now going to church; in the old home where mother was inspecting my little sisters to see if they were fit to go to Easter service. Everything was peaceful, pure and

beautiful. I heard the Easter bells as they called out over the roofs of the little town. And here was I, marching in a wild, foreign country, in the midst of wild, heathen enemies; in rags, hungry, panting with thirst, carrying civilization into Africa.

Suddenly a gunshot woke me out of my dreams. In a moment there were more shots in quick succession, sounding from the rear of our column. I heard the command of the officers to advance into the bushes. I ran into the bush with my friends Oelsen and Behrens, in the direction of the shots which we had heard. I saw, out of a bush, two little clouds of smoke arise, put gun to my cheek and fired standing. The same moment I heard something fall heavily by my side, and saw my friend Behrens lying on the ground in convulsions. I leaped forward with the others towards the next bush, saw smoke rising out of the brush, and kept firing towards it, I do not know how many shots.

The enemy came so near that I saw them. Some of them were the uniform of our own troops, others were European clothes, some of them were half naked. Their limbs were curiously long, their motions uncannily smooth and wriggling. Thus they sneaked, glided and

leapt through the bushes towards us. Two or three times the hail of bullets and shrapnels rained upon them, pouring through the air like a waterfall. Thus our men lay and stood for two hours holding the black avalanche in check, unable to advance a step. finally succeeding in driving the enemy back.

We spent the rest of the day in recovering our dead and digging graves for them. Towards evening, at sunset, we laid the dead into the graves. Twenty men fired salutes into the open graves, and the old man spoke to us about the fatherland, and about God, death and Easter faith. I sat there half dazed, some of my comrades, leaning against the wheels of the wagons, mumbling in low tones, others groaning painfully, others sleeping from exhaustion; some had fainted away, and here and there you heard the death rattle of others. I was dying with thirst, but there was no water to be had anywhere.

Every day, while we were lying about listless in the desolate camp, strange rumors were flying about, that a thousand cavalry were on the way to relieve us; that the Governor had defeated the blacks in a battle lasting two days; that countless numbers of blacks were killed

in battle and thousands burned on gigantic pyres. We clung with feverish hope to the thought of relief, and that we would be sent home. Home! what will they say at home when we return; what happy faces we shall see! What tales we will be able to tell them! All of us wanted to go home. The sweltering heat of the day, and the bitter cold of the night, the miserable food, the more miserable water, took the life out of us, and we became lazy and listless. We adopted another language. and talked as if we were asleep. We became more hungry, dirty and sick every day. We had hardly strength enough to raise our hands to fire the salutes in honor of our dead: with tired and lifeless indifference we buried our comrades in the earth and laid thorns upon their graves. In the night time the confused and tired raving of the sick, and the howling of the hyenas from the graves woke us up. Soon every fourth man was sick. In two long rows they lay on the naked ground in full uniform, with a canvas roof over them, protecting them against the burning sun. There was no medicine, no comfort. Not even cleanliness, not even a piece of dry bread for the sick.

(To be continued).



Contractors in Art Glass for Palace Hotel



FAIRMOUNT HOTEL THE SOCIAL CENTER OF THE CITY

MANAGEMENT OF THE PALACE HOTEL COMPANY

gin. be bold, and venture to be wise:

Fle who defers this work from day to day.

Does on a river's bank expecting stay.

Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone.

That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.



COLUMBIA THEATER

BLISS & FAVILLE, Architects



The Making of a Good Citizen

F the half we hear and see in this affair of modeling good citizenship is truly what it pretends, a model citizen is a dead one and very like the excellent Indian in the happy hunting ground of the story book. In some

way it is discovered that childhood, heretofore, has been fed, much to his disquietude in adolescence and old age, on the purely imaginary in letters. Such stuff as: "All men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; and, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," seemingly misses some point of qualification neither the gentleman of the eighteenth nor of the nineteenth centuries were

able to supply. So it were passing strange that the reading, if it ever is truly read, of the Declaration of Independence is not stopped—expurgated from the public school—not being backed by the same sincerity that made its ambiguities clear and its contradictions acceptable in the eyes of the forefather. Men know too much or too little to be warmed either by the ideal or "literary frumperies". Making good citizens has presumably taken another tack. Fiction may be taken in large portions from between the paper covers of dime novels; psychological nonsense can be absorbed ad libitum; but when it comes to physical realities, all men hold their truths: Men are born unequal in the cradle, or rather, differentiate in their mothers' womb, and in life are subject to any restrictions society may impose. Happiness is a condition of mind and we are still wondering how one can chase, run after or pursue himself, or that which is within self if anywhere. Of course the rich man shall never enter the kingdom of heaven, for both poverty and riches shall be shorn—one of rags, and the other of cash and fine linen—the moment the heart's throb ceases. Men pass in equality if they are not born so.

Now, strange to say, we are really all living in an idealistic state - a theoretical one in this much: the practical is only the theoretical projected into material. And nothing is more pathetically humorous than the practical individual who does not see that he is practically living on and off the dead bones of theorists of yesterday. The trouble is that fervid idealists who conceived our "sorry scheme of things entire" never realized the differences of circumstances and environments of the happy Hottentot and the Esquimaux. So we are not to say too quickly that a man's state of mind is not entirely a matter of education. He who feeds in a land of skim milk and glucose might perchance, in his children, believe himself the possessor of a country and condition of rich milk and honey. But if a man has not the faculty of taking on this comfortable feeling; has in his mind, as it were, a dim recollection of his ancestors feeding on the pick of the table, he quite as a matter of course allows reflections on present circumstances to disturb his happiness. He dreams again the prehistoric condition, of paternalism, of the time when all had an equal share in the spoils of war, trade and the hunt if strong enough to force the division - and thusly dis-

content comes which, in the desolation of misunderstanding, is perceived as an impetus to progression: but it is not. Progress is not locomotion and discontent, but comes of happiness.

Having thousands of head of cattle or hundreds of thousands more bushels of grain than a community has any need for, either in trade or for sustenance, is a burden. The simile holds good in the possession of a surplus of golden dollars. Turning cash over into gluttony and an excess of bath tubs is but a continuation of useless production. And this I believe is the substance of so-called socialistic criticism of modern competitive systems. Why say that: "All wealth is the surplus (the product) of labor?" Why not say that all any man has any good use for is come of good cheer; and that woman wouldn't be discontented with her spring bonnet if Eve hadn't been bitten by a rattlesnake? Ah! these modern philosophers and psychologists who teach the citizen — to be a "good citizen". Capacity they say, not incapacity, is what the people should be in fear of. Verily, when Adam and Eve ate of the tree of knowledge they must have bitten into a mock orange.

This making of a good citizen is truly a very serions



Loaned by MR. E. W. ZEILE

STILL LIFE

By EMIL CARLSEN

matter. As they say, it is an affair of education. must know everything, everything all men of capacity know - from the smallest detail of establishing railroads, water works, civic centers and selecting officers of state judges, congressmen, presidents, mayors and such. He must know all about economics - finance, trade, tariffs, and other species of unequal taxation. He must know drawing, painting, bookkeeping, real estate and his Shakespeare and Homer, Plato and Spencer — even to the nicest shade of grammar and the disputation of "Trust not your servants if they are wise" if said ability is beyond the average. With such a capacity, so universal and complete, are not the people in the possession of it likely to burst their own head. Of course I have not made myself clear in this: but who could in the twang and grind of "universal education"—this making of good citizenship from the beginning of the dawn of light in infant's eye - from the time he takes the Declaration of Independence on faith with his milk before he knows whether the moon is green cheese or a street lamp.

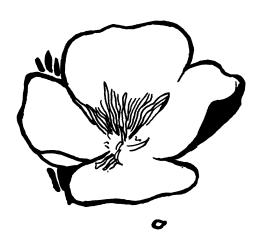
Adolescence is very susceptible to impressions of our immaterial nature. Virtue is its own reward at this

period of citizen development, and genuine enough when dad pays the bills. But the baby toddles along and laughs, in his unsophisticated right of equality, at sophistry. He knows things by intuition—a condition which must be spanked out of him in order to allow reason to step in to the upper seat of knowledge, if he is to be "a good, average, legal behaving citizen." Everything belongs to baby; in adolescence everything belongs to nobody: it is only in the completed adult that, "What's mine is mine own," is the law. This is why only those in the shadow of age speak of the "sacred rights of property". We have not heard from the dead as yet.

A little higher up I spoke of a superfluity of meat and bath tubs as not a sign of wealth and progress—no matter how discontented one might be with either the meat or the tub. In the same way one might speak of educational efforts, in the founding of highly endowed (with money) educational institutions, in a community that remains stationary—is ill kept and slovenly in speech, or vocations. Fine school houses in an advertising ridden town, littered with stray newspapers and such, have all the airs of a forty dollar bonnet above a calico dress; for it shows that education is not being turned

over to the profit of the community. I don't believe San Francisco deserves a "Civic Center" at any price until it can keep its streets clean; and it will never learn so long as it is taught that everybody can do anything and anybody can do everything. The tasks our educators and citizens have accepted are too much, muchly. "A Technical High School!" Why for? Why spend nearly a million for such an establishment? If capacity is danger, why train hands in skill, or is it only intended to play at occupations demanding specific talent for worthy use? Knowledge is worth nothing else it can be turned inside out for the material benefit and for the beautification of a community. The capacity for turning knowledge the other way - ah! I have it. Never before has the understanding of modern political sagacity and philosophy come to me. Our surplus of bath tubs should not be used to give the wrong fellows - those with an inordinate capacity for accumulating dirt — a bath; all riches should be divided among those who take the pains to find or make it—to each in kind. "The incapacity to demand more for a day's labor than its worth to society should be rewarded at least equally with the capacity to demand double its worth."

"When you put a fool in office you should be sorry for his incapacity to do any good, and blame him not." 'Tis a base philosophy, and one hard to train the people in the way of thinking—being just as susceptible of a twist in an immoral mind, as the Declaration of Independence.





Carrying Civilization into Africa

AS SEEN BY

PETER MOOR

By Louis T. Hengstler

(concluded).



NE time when I was sent out with a scouting party inland, we were riding along in a cold clear night. There was no moon, but the sky was dotted with stars. I and a man from Berlin rode ahead, looking sharply into the darkness in front of us.

The dull sound of the hoofs in the sand was interrupted now and then by the long, plaintive howl of the jackal and the sharp bark of a hyena. Sometimes a horse stumbled, and with a low curse the rider pulled it up. Now and then a hoof knocked against a rock and gave forth a sharp clatter. Towards the northwest, beyond the bush, a light shone

behind far away high trees; my friend from Berlin thought he could smell that it was a prairie fire. The moon rose: a clear, soft light spread over the bush. Suddenly, after midnight, my friend raised his hand and pointed towards the right in the direction of a clearing. Less than five hundred yards from us, low down on the earth, was the glow of numerous fires, shining like cat's eyes through the dark. We sprang from our horses, and, leading them, came to a place where the high grass on both sides of the road was trodden down. Thence I crawled on my knees for a distance, and saw the countless tracks of children's feet, in the midst of which were the tracks of grown people. Hordes of children led by their mothers, had passed this way on their way north-After awhile I climbed a tree by the wayside, and from there I saw, about one hundred yards away, a broad mountain slope in the moonlight, and on it hundreds of round huts, at the entrance of which low fires were burning, and I heard the crying of the children and the barking of the dogs. In that place were lying thousands of women and children around the fires. As far as I could see, up to the crest of the mountain, which was sharply outlined against the starry sky, there was hut on

hut, in dark clumps. I stared with large eyes on this mighty picture, and said to myself: "Here lies a whole people, with all its children and property, pressed on all sides by savage, deadly lead, and sentenced to death," and a shiver passed over me.

On a hot day, as horses and riders reeled under a broiling sun, a small lieutenant, with a tough, thin face, and sharp eyes, rode up to us and said in a low voice: "Three miles further and we will meet the enemy." this moment the crack of a rifle was heard in front. We jumped from our saddles, threw the reins over the necks of our horses, and, gun in hand, ran into the thick bush. Ten men remained behind with the horses, and eighty of us went forward. Bullets were flying from all directions, and we heard the sharp, wild yell of the enemy. I could not see a man of them. For a moment I saw part of an arm raised from the brush and shot at it; the friends on my side were firing likewise, and whenever any one of us thought he had hit something, he called in triumph: "That fellow will never rise again: right through the heart!" The third man at my right suddenly collapsed, and I heard a mocking yell from the bush, "Got enough, Dutchman!" The bullets flew thicker

and thicker, and louder and nearer came the calls from the bush, "Look out, Dutchman, look out!" Some laughed wildly and others yelled and hurrahed. The bush seemed alive, and I expected every moment that the black cloud would sweep over us and wipe us out. I was just about to run back, when a sergeant came up with a few men. "Stop!" he yelled, "I am bringing help." That moment I heard something scrape and rattle on the ground, and a quiet, soft voice next to me said: "Move aside a bit, my man," and the mouth of a machine gun was shoved past my face. At once it began to discharge its deadly load. The rain of shot whistled in the brush. How beautifully it sounded, how calmly and steadily I now began to fire! "Did you see that?" I said, "man, shoot; hit like me." And now the cannons were thundering on the hillock above us, and the command came, "Forward in leaps." We jumped up, but were met by a frightful hail of shot, and fell to the ground again. The men in the bush yelled with rage. We lay firing a long time, It seemed years. The perspiration ran in streams from my body. Not my tongue and neck alone, my whole body cried out for water. Gradually the enemies fire grew weaker. One of our

officers commanded: "Fire slowly," and from the bush echoed a hoarse and aping voice, "fire slowly." We lay there with ready guns and waited. The word went from mouth to mouth: "Our captain is dead, the first lieutenant, and most of the officers." With my left hand I picked up my canteen, leaving my gun in position, and eagerly sucked the drop which I had saved for the last extremity. The thought flashed through my mind that that was my last drink on earth and I thought of my parents. A staff lieutenant crept up from behind and ordered me to go back to the general and report that we were still a mile from the water supply. Cautiously I arose, and bending over, ran down towards the road, in the direction of the general's camp. The comrades through whose ranks I broke were calling out in hoarse tones: "Hurry up, you fellows in front; haven't we got to any water yet? Why don't you go ahead?" They, together with their horses, were dying of thirst, and insects were swarming about them. The heat of the sun poured upon them, and a thick, frightfully dry air lay over the whole camp. I ran to the general's camp, made my report, and heard somebody say: "Neither men nor animals can last any longer, they are dying of thirst."



THE NEW PALACE HOTEL NOW NEARING COMPLETION
LIVINGSTON & TROWBRIDGE, Architects GEORGE W. KELHAM, Managing Architect

The same moment as I was turning to run back to the front, wild cries and shooting came from the bush in all directions. At once everybody in camp; clerks, servants, drivers, stablemen, officers, everybody threw himself on the ground, fighting for his skin. I myself, excited by the sudden attack, stretched myself out and fired rapidly. A voice next to me said, "fire more calmly." I obeyed and wondered who it was that spoke. Looking aside after awhile, I saw my general lying on the ground next to me firing away as calmly as befitted an old soldier.

All the while the tortures of desperate thirst burned our throats and tongues. Finally, in sheer despair, we rose like one man and stormed ahead with wild cries, contorted faces and dry, burning eyes. We flew through the enemy's ranks towards the water holes. The whole camp, the heavy wagons with the long rows of oxen, the hundreds of horses, the ambulance with the doctors and the dying, wounded and dead, the officers and men, everybody and everything, flew frantically ahead towards the clearing where the water hole was situated. Meanwhile the enemy was pouring from the bush in wild hordes and with furious yells. We rushed over into the

water holes to quench our burning thirst, came back and began to fight over again. The sun set, but the fire of the enemy continued even through the darkness and until midnight. There we lay, four hundred men, in the darkest night, dead with exhaustion and thirst, and before us and around us lay a savage, desperate people of sixty thousand souls. What was in store for us? We did not know where the other German detachments were, nor what had become of them. Possibly they were all killed off, and the sixty thousand were drawing about us and would fall on us. In the far distance we heard, through the night, the lowing of immense herds of cattle' dying of thirst, and far away a heavy, dull noise like the exodus of a whole people.

When the morning came we learned with great surprise that the enemy had left in wild flight and fled towards the east in a huge mass, with wives, children and cattle. We would have followed at once, but were without news from the other detachments, and besides, men and animals were at the end of their strength. There was ahead of us a broad steppe over which a heavy mass of humanity and cattle had trodden the day before. All around were strewn skins of animals, ostrich

feathers, utensils, family ornaments, dying and dead cattle, dying and dead men. A dreadful stench of decaying bodies pervaded the hot, still air.

The proud, wild, defiant people had humbled itself dreadfully in this its death agony. Old and young men, women and children, lay about helpless. Heaps of little children lay near the bodies of women, all dying with thirst, their eyes and noses already full of flies. Somebody sent our black drivers over there to help them in some way.

We pushed ahead with our cannon. The sun burned so hot on the sand that we hurried over the ground. Thirsty horses stumbled along with the thirsty and hungry men. There was no water anywhere. Herds of cattle came towards us, staring with glazed eyes, lowing pitifully. That was a bad sign; for if they could not find any water, how could we. It was reported that the enemy was not far ahead of us.

Our general resolved to pursue and attack them, and to force them in a northeasterly direction into the desert, where they would all perish with hunger and thirst, so that our colonies should have peace for all times. All the detachments of our regiment had now joined, and

we drew up to attack the enemy at the next and last water hole, and to annihilate them. It was generally believed that this would be their death struggle, and that we would suffer heavy losses. The day before the final attack our general reviewed his soldiers in parade, and there we were in the wide clearing, the cavalry, the infantry, the artillery, with their cannon, the oxen, the black drivers, the prairie schooners, and heaven above and the boundless steppe were our witnesses. The general rode up and called out in a magnificent tone of voice: "Good morning, my soldiers!" "Good morning, excellence!" we returned; but our horses looked thin, dirty and tired, our clothes and boots were torn, and hunger and disease was written on most faces.

In the afternoon we had church service. I had never seen the chaplain before. He was a large, powerful man, wore a uniform and the high boots of the cavalry, and sat in the saddle with gun and cartridge belt. Now he stood on a box and had a golden cross hanging from his back, and carried a white band round his arm with a red cross. First we sang a hymn. Then he began to speak and said that a primitive people had risen up against the authority which the Lord had appointed for

them, and had stained this soil with the blood of martyrs. That this authority had placed the sword in our hands which we were to use tomorrow. That each of us must be a brave christian soldier, and use his sword with effect. That these were serious times; it might well be that one or the other of us would not be back in his place next evening. We must be prepared to stand face to face with our Maker; that he had promised eternal rest and peace to those who devoted themselves to his

We all listened cause. very earnestly, and then we took off our hats in silent prayer. At ten o'clock that night broke camp. We marched up a steep mountain, and our vanguard reached the top in the morning. But we heard no firing. Finally we got to the top ourselves. There was no trace of the enemy, but far, far away in the dis-



tant plain there was a huge, heavy cloud of dust advancing rapidly through the desert. Then it was clear to all that this proud people had lost all courage and all hope; that they preferred death in the desert to a further struggle with us. The general ordered a retreat.

A strange work, civilization in Darkest Africa. The protection of the white settlers, of the traders and farming classes, and of the missionaries, is the principal object. The art of ruling blacks and savages generally requires a hard hand and stern at the same time. Overkindness to them is weakness. The missionary speaks to the natives of brotherhood and equality of man. Even the impoverished intellect of the black man is sufficient to draw the inference that there is no need for improving himself since he is the equal of his civilized brother. Equality and fraternity are dangerous gifts when bestowed upon the ignorant: the infantile mind always misunderstands and misuses them. In fact "brothers" are not apt "civilizers"; civilization can be carried into remote places with any effect only by masters. The soldier is more likely to succeed with the ignorant than the missionary unless the latter makes up his mind to

substitute the gospel of regular work for his favorite doctrine of teaching the brotherhood of man.

Digging water holes, mingling human labor with the soil, that is the chief duty of man, and the earmark of civilization. The work belongs to the active, to the competent, to the progressive and the nobler races. Though a pitiful business to kill and see the sick about, we must continue to contribute to the future advancement of huhumanity, to the brotherhood of man, united through civilization.



eware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence:
The man who dreams himself so great.
And his importance of such weight.
That all around, in all that's done.
Must move and act for him alone.
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

- William Cowper.



BABY STUART CHILD OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND



The Nude in Art

VE'S girdle of fresh green leaves was enough when she and spouse possessed the earth as a privy chamber; but as the world grew thick with trampling families of men, the need for more extended and less apologetic

barriers against inquisitiveness grew apace, until today it would be hard indeed to detect even the tracery of the human form divine in the midst of the creations of the modiste. And, if we believe a fraction of what we hear and read, coverings we have adopted as a precautionary measure to keep out the weather or ward off prying eyes of unpleasant suggestion, are become mere invitations to rudeness or still more sodden instincts.

Merely because the artist perceives the seductive charms in the human figure in color and in line, and finds it possible to eliminate much of nature's rough and ready conveniences, it does not follow that humanity, as a unit, is endowed with any such discernment and disinterestedness, or is able to disassociate the essentially tender from the unspeakably brutal. And herein lies the whole question of the "modesty and morality" of the nude in art. In high life it is easy enough, though not so easy as some would have us believe, to segregate the modest from the immodest. But certain magazine writers, etc., are beginning to make this latter distinction difficult, in any measure of success. Seemingly latter day moralists are developing the radium eye, so to speak, and any armor clad costume the feminine dons, these piercing lamps see clear through; modesty and immodesty are laid bare to the blushes of the people, and no man knows which way to turn — whether to take to arms against clothes or for clothes. So it has occurred to me that perhaps after all there is a nudity far more distressing than exposed legs and things. Maybe a naked mind, one laid quite bare and exposed on the street without even the ghost of raiments, can be paralleled in immodesty only by my

lady bathing on a street corner. Of the two perhaps the lady of indiscretion might have the advantage in this much—she might have the saving grace of good looks.

Truly speaking, humanity is much the better for a little trimming. Eve knew it and most artists have known it; and in the knowledge thereof each in a way proceeded to trim — Eve with bright green garlands and the artist with a sympathetic regard for Eve's natural reservations. True modesty must be the nature clothed in reservations. You could not quite call a lover's embrace immodest or immoral, but it is equally true that a strumpet's caresses are improper at all seasons. So we may say that man who is not a true lover of man is of an incestuous mind if he takes to reforming and moralizing man. I fear me that my philosophy includes the principle that 'tis better to let the devil hang himself — to let the thief chase the thief — to let the man with the radium eyes "pursue his own unhappiness."

Now, art should be neither too exclusive nor too inclusive. So the modesty and morality of the nude in art should be tested by the setting, or background, as a painter would say—but that is a subtle matter, and I am going to be told immediately that an artist has no more

right to surprise any one with an unusual combination than he has to give supreme ignorance a shock.

Two ladies, one young and the other not so young, sat inside a theater. Neither ought to have been there, for it was broad daylight without: still that's another tale. In due time they chatted together; when all of a moment the elder, apparently unconscious till the moment of the other's unusually natural hair comb, exclaimed: "You can get your hair dressed for twenty-five cents!" Said the young one: "No? I thought it cost a dollar; and are the rolls, puffs, etc., thrown in?" "Oh no! that is all extra." "Ah!" came the reply, "then I can't afford it and my hair will have to go about naked."

One may ask if Truth naked and at the bottom of a well is not a manikin after all.

In Holland of a Saturday night the good people sweep the streets smooth so all may know of a Sunday morning whether this or that one on leaving his doorstep went to church or some other place. In so much as I found out, it did not count what the church goer carried in his thoughts so long as his feet pointed right.

Thinly veiled, or wrought somehow into a straight front armor of steel or whalebone, man's psychic devel-

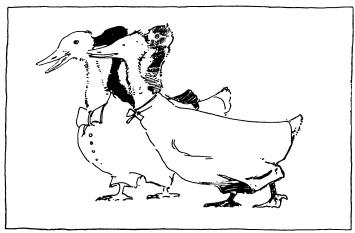


INTERIOR ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE

opments, like his physical makeshifts, are much the prettier for the clothing; and believing so, I would blush to lay bare all my thoughts. No more would I resort to some thin disguise. All the interest I have in the various prints or illustrations of ladies, dressed and partially dressed, of somewhat monstrous charms and abnormal shapes, that appear alongside of highly irate radium morality, or on fences, or in shop windows, extends only to the question of: What will be the ultimate effect. physically, on the species, of the constant appearance of woman in physical contortions, spasms and hysteria of dress. Already I have seen a candy girl dodge behind her merchandise of indigestible sweets on the entrance of a woman whose hair, bust and hips were undressed undressed, mind, if the candy girl represented a clothed bit of humanity. However, it may be supposed, all such are merely as one has the power of associations or disassociations. Where the ostrich finds security in burying his head in the sand, we may suppose others get equal sense of security in burying themselves up to the neck in clothes, cotton, etc. Humanity never gained anything through the ascetic; but that is perhaps because society has never encouraged the right sort to go out

into the wilderness where they can bare themselves and their thoughts without contaminating our natural sense of reserve.

Truly now, is it not quite true that if representing the shape of man in all its pristine beauty, either in the art of painting or that of carving, is unseemly, is it not woefully so for empiric and pragmatic moralists to discuss "the unrepresentable" in brazen tones out on the street?



FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.



a rule History sounds a note of surprise when a people, ordinarily showing all the qualities of sympathy and business activity, are apathetic in the presence of aggression that can have no object else it be for their despoliation and slavery. But the reason for this seemingly

strange attitude is not nearly so mysterious as some would have us believe. Social solidarity is purely abstract, and the only visible signs of unity, outside the individual, is in what we are pleased, for the lack of a better descriptive symbol, to call government. So when all visible evidence of a people's force, collectively, is in the hands of aggressiveness, and aggression turns to robbing and abusing those whom it is sworn to protect, the aggrieved find themselves split into a myriad of ineffective units. The collective instinct may be there, but the solid front is gone. If this were not so, Society would not reorganize itself on another plane after a social engorgement and expiation, so to speak. That the people in all such instances become diplomatic and self-effacing should call forth nothing of surprise. Individual

or disinterested protest before all-powerful governmental machinery is very apt to receive cold lead or a rope for a reply. So, "what would you have a man do but lay low and await his chance?" The same instinct that prompts the pursued to hide when he is aware of impotency in the stand-up-and-fight game, dictates a species of self-negation when a whole people are hounded.

In this country the average good citizen is virtually a fatalist in his sense of security. He has an over abiding faith in the eternal goodness of his government, and believes in the eternal efficiency of the ballot box, his ballot box, in guarding his individual rights and liberties. "If my government becomes aggressive, my vote is enough to chastise it." "Turn the rascals out." And yet nearly every city in the Union is held in the hands of rascals, who may go out by one door, but they surely enter by another, or our press is deceiving us woefully.

If the ballot box is impotent as a corrective to these comparatively small rascalities, how long will it be before rascality and mistaken aggressiveness combined have learned that the ballot box is impotent in guarding anything. A divided people, as against government—ballot

box or no ballot box—is an easy quarry for rascality or merely unholy ambition. Power for its own sake, power for the sake of the adulation of sycophants, is as dominant a characteristic in some humanity as it ever was. So insidious and absorbing is the disease that those afflicted with it will afflict a whole people by uniting with rascality, sycophancy and incapacity. Only to secure the meed of adulation their microbes crave, lovers of power—the unholy, if the holy is out of reach—will consort with anything. Of course their expiation is rope and a lamp post, and the agents of retribution the ultimate tyrants over the people; but that's another tale. The little history of Charles and Cromwell is not unique at all.





OW, picking people's pockets is truly speaking only a very mild form of graft. So also is a business, or commercial monopoly, built on commercial acumen—and "crooked practice", if you will—in comparison with government monopoly. A monopoly

artificially created and backed by government, minus the consent of the people, is as different from a trust, in the modern sense, as the sun from the moon; and the people should no more allow a political shyster to confuse one with the other than they should permit a government servant to invade their private domiciles.

In this country and in this day we call usurpation of privilege on the part of government servants, a process of centralization. Government—servants, inspectors, secret service minions, step over the state, then the county, then the city, and then over the house line, and we politely call it centralization, or the growth of the STATE, in power, over the FAMILY. As if centralization were not an old movement under a new and more polite cognomen. Today we no longer see a proud people shove intrusion aside, but hear one say to the other mysteriously: "It is centralization, the Govern-

ment wants it." And if there is a voice raised in protest some pettifog lawyer steps forward and volunteers the legal information that, "All the power to do so and so, to centralize, is conferred by the Constitution on the Government, only it, the Constitution, has not been interpreted before." And so centralization (usurpation) goes on and on and accumulates its filth of the spy system. And the whole principle upon which the secret service is foisted among an unsuspecting people is based upon no better grounds than exigency—the exigency of what, an incapacitated officialdom, an inastute set of individuals who can not distinguish between trickery and ability; or is it something else? Truly now, are the liberties of a people and their heritage from Nature conserved by an extravagant government - a fifty million deficit government — by encroaching upon local and individual rights and creating an extended espionage? I am one of those who doubt it. By what method of "thimble-bee thimble-bug" are we to arrive at the conclusion that a spy on the tracks of every traveller abroad, and every investor, and every representative of the States, in the seat of national government, can be justified by the presumption that government is con-

serving (honest) individual initiative and the people's wealth. We rise almost to the hilarity of the exhibition; for it is very like locking the dear people in dungeons deep, that they may not be robbed—and giving the robber the freedom of the earth. Truly now, again, where is the essential merit of government guarding a nation's natural wealth against the too ambitious among the people, and then squandering it in unprofitable foreign conquest, on secret service armies and on spectacular armament. If the people fail in catching a glimmer of the humor of the situation its because Americans are losing a sense of humor.



N to po sp the cla

N tackling every subject, moral, industrial, political or social, nearly every writer or speaker is caught in the very beginning in the meshes of that threadbare formula of classification that has come to us from so-

ciety based on the caste. Why, in a democratic institution, do we speak of laboring (slave), middle (commercial), and the wealthy (the privileged) classes? Where classes are constantly mingling and exchanging positions this system has no meaning. Why not divide humanity once and for aye into the slothful, the industrious and the constructive. In this way we could, at least, start in a venture for a better system of recompenses and penalties than Society has devised so far. Perhaps in the ultimate of things it might be uncovered that a legitimate recompense for a day's work is based on the necessities of the life of the average individual balanced with his ability, in a given environment, to meet requirements the average man being the dominant type (numerically). It is always an open question whether the dominating group (in the State) is better intellectually than the average. Although often assumed that attaining a dominant position is the result of intelligence and education,



INTERIOR ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE

it more often than otherwise happens that a ruling group falls short of the average, or quite below a laboring intelligibility. The average citizen then is not, in this sense, the mediocre citizen — although it might come so. other words an average citizen is a shifting element ranging between absolute incapability for social organization or government and absolute social perfection; he might, through unfortunate adoption of artificial means in conjunction with not over fortuitous environments, force his average, the merely persistent type, to the grossest conditions; or he might be a quality lifted, so to speak, by the straps of his own boots, out of and above what would be expected by the casual on a precursory review of him (in his fathers), his boots and his environments. Fluctuations of communities - their degeneracy or progress - within certain limits, are undoubtedly but the effervescence of their own activities. That one can materially aid in degeneracy (race suicide) by means of its benevolent laws and violent attempts to render succor to the unsuccessful is so evident that we hardly need discuss the matter. All that we strive to press home here is that inequalities in a social state are partially the result of cultivation (benevolent and

otherwise) and partially the effect of natural fluctuations in individualisms, and that in either case, or in combination, reforms, etc., have hitherto been mostly automatic, and in Society might spell degradation quite as well as moralization.

All things being equal, a fat harvest gives the average a little surplus—luxury; a lean season impels him to economy - stringency; if he were to eliminate the exceptional, both the sloth and the adventurous - fix the type to the limit of the suppression of all others—the fat season would balance the lean, and man might exist in a social average and die in one—the Utopian outlook of modern socialism. But fortunately or unfortunately the average man - only another name for one of a numerically dominant type—never has or never could regulate the quality of his progeny. So the average is continually at war with those who mean better for him as well as with those who mean him no good. He carries the burden of sloth—his progeny; he is beset by monstrosities and enslaved by - his progeny; and he flays his only instrument of progress - his progeny.

RITICISM usually presumes itself to be above and better informed than the average; still insomuch as the vast mass of it shows, criticism is virtually an empiric attitude supported by no better sub-

stance than a disposition for pragmatism in its worse aspect. However, it is eminently fit that a pragmatic disposition of empiric extraction in government should be met with just such criticism. And as one astute, though perhaps absent minded editor has written: "How can the people act, having no first hand information, with any intelligence?" If our superior intelligences, our better judgments, merely engage each other with philippics, and occupy themselves in purely pragmatic activities—the art of getting "Out of breath to no purpose, and being very busy about nothing"; where, oh where! shall the people learn wisdom?

We would like to know how it is that the average man, except in periods of abstraction, has never succeeded in using his constructive genius (his progeny) as an instrument for the destruction of his monstrosities; how it comes that society usually assists the flow of a community's wealth into illegitimate hands where it may

be dissipated in riotous acts, the building of babylonian towers, and why is it ever constructing engines for which no purpose can be found except the enslavement or murder of a people. And in this way we return to that fear—that cowardice, as some put it—of the people. Now what would you that a sensible man do in an atmosphere of hysteria, and face to face with a gun? Honestly, would you plunge, shout defiance, or lay low—compromise until more fortuitous circumstances arrived, or become a martyr without memorial.

"Crimes and vices are evils to the community; but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined. It debases everybody, and brings in its train all other vices and crimes. Societies, and private enthusiasts for the 'suppression of vice' should read history, and learn the supreme danger of trying to do all at once by the policeman's club what can be done, if at all, only very gradually by the slow moral development which comes principally from our schools and churches. It would be difficult to speak with perfect forbearance of the strange pretense that the police could not enforce the law if they kept within the law themselves."

And now that our educators have found out that the public school system is not for the purpose of (artificially) creating presidents and other governmental office holders, but is perhaps established with the object in view of arousing all men's latent capacity for good, both in word and deed, rather than developing all dominant capacity for posing, perhaps we are on the verge of moral regeneration and the elimination of secret service agents and pragmatists from the body politic.

And by the way would it not be well to remember that graft after all is not such a bad operation. Some grafts, it is true, do not prosper, but fall off into the gutter, as it were; others, while accepting the richness and strength of the established plant increase productiveness indefinitely; while others merely add self.



N the camp of women suffragists there are several parties, one aggressive, willing to starve and scratch, persistent and always present, and another—among others—mild and supplicant. And it is a foregone conclusion that if English women get a chance at the ballot box, the first killing will be due to the aggressive element. In the meantime society's humdrums are diverted and not a few, of government, are distracted. Not believing that the franchise is so much unless its price is guarded by that "eternal vigilance" we read of; and knowing it can be stuffed or allowed to show its nakedness — without much shock to the people in general - why not a feminine franchise as well as a male one? For my part, the said article seems to have become so near to the average in gender that, by mere automatic action, the franchise ought to be, by this time, universal in deed as well as in name. Now, the new primary law gives us (males) a chance to choose among a good round dozen of ranch eggs where we used to be restricted to choice between "two rotten ones". So if the number of voters is increased — automatically increasing the candidates—there are visions of opportunities to vote on untold dozens of candidates; and, as you know,

the larger the number of eggs in a market the better the chance to get a good one—and cheap. "It might cost more!" Ah, well, what of that? "Poetry and the ladies maketh the world"; so married, they might cleanseth the street and filleth the ruts thereof, and driveth off the loafer who spiteth on the street corner that the policeman shall not catcheth him, without occupation, and arresteth him forthwith as a male in idleness thereof. In truth a Consulate of Poetry and Lady might begeteth something of energy in a civic administrative department, except a large whitewash brush, a bunch of oratory and two dozen candidates. As it is—ah! well, why speak of it—boost!



Endow the lazy institution and you rob all worthy individuals.

— Carnegie



UNKNOWN PRINCESS
Attributed to LIONARDO DA VINCI



Equities in Iniquity

HERE is every reason why "man" should at first try to explain his presence here in a tale couched in terms the child would croon in its wonderland. For even unto this day we struggle against the suggestion that mankind was not

created by "a fiat of an omnipotent power" (a mangod). That the "man-intention" or principle has forced its way forward independently, "struggling fiercely" against all opposing energy, from flux, through mollusk, fish, reptile, amphibian and monster, through the vicissitudes of mighty geologic changes, to where he now is

(as a type of animal form) overmasters man's imagination. So he is inclined to cling to the original childish tale, with "evolutionary" addenda attached. Again, the hint that man once might have been a monkey, and now a super-monkey only, touches a tender cord in his ego. And again, it staggers us, the fearful suggestion that we may be trampled out of existence by a new and better type, as we have trampled others in our day and time. The bare possibilities of the situation are unpleasant.

Still the idea we cherish, and which springs out of self, that man is destined for a higher, or "spiritual existence" is enough. Do we say "spiritual" because we can not visualize a higher physical and mental animal than man; or do we put it thusly in mental indolence and fright. Just a becoming with neither beginning nor ending. Human kind evolving from a condition of flux without definite point of beginning, without the slightest hint as to where its arresting place will be, appalls the imagination. So even evolutionists are inclined to hedge a bit, and speak of further development along "spiritual lines." And if we are inclined to treat the situation somewhat whimsically, and cast a slight twinkle of laughter at alleged evolutionists, where is the harm. There is plenty of

chance and room for man's "spiritual development" in even a higher physical and mental type of animal more space, perhaps. I happen to be one of those who have infinite faith in man's innate strength for selfculture, and very little in the "ultimate efficiency" of institutions. Still, man in his back-sliding tendencies is wont to confide muchly in these convenient formulas of practice and opinion. Comfortably ensconced in a good measure of prosperity and plenty, he is apt to become mentally lazy as well as flatulent physically. It is so easy to perk the lips when things are "just so, without a question of enlarged or curtailed horizon." "That which is, always has been, and always shall be." This is instituted man-thought, and is antipathic to man-work. It is man's strength for self-culture turned inward to congeal as if it were in a refrigerator. And there is no difference between this species of "intellectualism" and the motive force which prompts a party to look askance at a member who is not dressed quite as themselves. The simple suggestion conveyed by the differentiation of the individual from accepted formulas of opinion, custom and costuming, has the appearance of impertinence. And the question comes: "Are we a lot of apes, or

slaves, or is this person a pervert, an immoral menace?" Such situations are ticklish; and if the general social trend is iniquitous, the sentiment is easily exaggerated into the terms of the populace, shouting: "Give us Barabbas!" Christ was an odd number in the social order of his day. How many other odd members of Society have been "crucified" in the same Equity of the Iniquitous?

"To introduce change into the world means chaos," casually remarked a writer who asserts himself as an evolutionist. That one casual—or rather absentminded—sentence reveals the inner workings of this mind. He shows himself an institutionalist, not an evolutionist, in that slip. After wondering and marveling over the tremendous changes the "man-intention" has gone through till he arrive at the present, he suddenly reverts, revolts at change and exclaims: "To change is to get chaos!" Poof, friend! You mean change in the world means chaos—or rather, death to institutions. It is the individual only that goes forward to the end. Ever since man began to organize, "first in the family, then in the clan, and then in the nation," progress reads one long struggle between individualism and collection-



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ism. The fight has been fierce; the struggle is still fierce; and shall be fiercer, until the individual has finally crushed all opposition to his perfect social freedom.

Even now, perhaps, we are on the verge of another formative era of the institution. Maybe, even now, half baked information and small experience is gathering around an imperfect theory of evolution, and promising a "Regained Paradise" as an inducement to man to submit to slavery "here below." That "the new" will end in the same catastrophe as "the old" there is no question. That the story of it will run in "blood for blood, and tooth for tooth," there is also no question.

Man as yet, seemingly, has not caught the drift of the admonition in the story of the Garden of Eden: "You are given the energy of creative force; you are given the faculty of self-culture: but you are warned that when you cease to use these gifts for better, worse shall come." "You may not transfer your responsibilities in any measure." "By your own strength you shall fall or rise."

It is to the discredit of man that these simple truths have been transcribed thus: "The flesh is corrupt and you are destined to reach the 'Lost Paradise' only

through selfishness, corruption, and the leveling processes of the institution." "I am the minister of the institution: and it is through me only that you shall reach salvation." "Submit, quoth the minister." It is all so simple thusly. So there would be nothing strange at all if, in this "enlightened era," man were to turn his strength backward again towards slavery of opinion, with all the dreadful consequences of stagnation and the ultimate dreadful catastrophe — the necessity of murdering social order for the liberation of individualism. "For the good of the State?" No, friend! for the preservation of the species—for the good of the man-race. When you appreciate the difference between: For the State and for the Race, you will have a broader moral outlook, and your systems of pensions, penalties and recompenses will be far less iniquitous. Imagine the incomplete "theory of evolution" congealed into a cult. Fancy the mere conjecture accepted as a truth, that man as existing in the present type is the end of all the fuss and feathers, the marvels and monsters of creation. The inevitable question then is: "If man is the end, the catastrophe of evolution, then man is THE?" This means I, not You The experience of THE in infinite and finite; I am I,

In this promised cult — Thevolution, shall we call it — there is more material evidence upon which to build than Theurgic, Theologic, or Theocratic systems have builded upon, and for this very excess of material evidence to assist slow imagination, the proselytes of Thevolution should be myriads. It is well known that the species fluctuate spontaneously, vary and go through constant changes of form and color. Some variations or changes fly so wide of the average large and fixed type that they are called "sports." So, why should not some



ORIEL WINDOW, NURNBERG, GERMANY

ego claim to be a real "sport" of the "human idea." This ego could easily turn ego to I, and I to THE— the Highest.

Think of it, contemplate! Flux, "man-god principle,' launching self in space, making a world for self, with a universe for light and heat. Then struggling upward alone, constant and persistent, through the terrors of geologic changes, and arriving at the assumption of THE—in the present.

Impudent? Perhaps! But why more so than the assumption of the ministerial duties of THE? Why more so than the presumption that "Utopia" (as an institution, and containing all the errors of perception and conception of man's experiments in Society), is the end of the mighty march of men through past ages. 'Tis a limbus fatuorum catastrophe to a childish tale; so I would rather believe that man has no limit to his strength for self culture, and will ultimately (in a superior type of averages) shuffle off the coils of institutions and make them his slaves for aye and anon.





The Potpourri of Current Comment

PRIMITIVE AND PURISTIC

NADVERTENCY often upsets the best laid programs when there is every reason to suppose all attention is concentrated, and there is no chance for heedlessness. The over anxious and prejudiced witness slips

on a word or an answer and his prejudice immediately colors his story. From the appearance of cool, sombre truth it turns to lurid falsification. The very extremity of his effort is, seemingly, too much for cool, gray tints; so the red blood rushes to the head, regular mechanical order is disturbed; and if it is only for a flash of time, inadvertence does its "dirty work" and the witness is undone. Being too kind, or too anxious to be kind

results in pranks worse than practical jokes, or witticisms more witty than the wit's studied efforts.

A writer honestly bent upon giving this city just the reputation it deserves, anxious to place in oblivion all the pettiness accompanying San Francisco's rehabilitation, so the great tableau would lose its amateurish nigglings, so to say, turned his intentions upside down, and presents us with a picture true to the life, as an amateur might see us — of San Francisco. That, "the restoration of San Francisco relegates the hammer of Thor to the limbo of inutile things" some might feel. But as the writer meant to say Vulcan, the lame blacksmith of Olympus, and not Thor, the boss of mischievous spirits and elements, we lay the wicked article at the door of his editors, proofreaders, or the printer's devil. If we thought otherwise we would certainly protest that San Francisco has not beaten the "builders of the Tower of Babel" and gabbers more languages than they knew of. Neither are our hammers like Thor's. Our knockers are neither god-like nor Vulcan-like, true: but the long-suffering, true builders of San Francisco can give Vulcan a run for his money and knock a fool once in a while, on the side. Pardon the slang, for it's catching.

However, this is all pedagogic and reminds me of a story.

Demetrius the grammarian, finding in the temple of Delphos a knot of philosophers chatting together, said to them: "Either I am much deceived, or by your cheerful countenances you are engaged in no deep discourse." To which one replied: "Tis for such as are puzzled whether the future tense of the verb . . . be spelt with a double letter, or hunt after the derivation of the comparative and superlative of . . . to knit their brows whilst discoursing their science. But as to philosophical discourses, these never deject those who entertain them, nor make them sad."

We, in our day, have grammarians, truly serious ones, and if I have not missed something philosophy, with us, has a dejected countenance. The "science of life" is no longer optimistic; its "scientists" are skeptical of nature. Still they seemingly are never pessimists. You don't grasp it? Well! it is like this. Modern philosophy is institutional, believes in institutions and has faith neither in man nor nature. In word and deed modern "philosophers" do not treat a theory of life as "something for contemplation"; but appear to wish to force their

"social" mechanisms on humanity. So we may look upon them as serious scientists, like grammarians. That they are considered "disagreeable partisans, anarchists, and dangerous to society" by lovers of "consecrated things" is not to be wondered at. For these social ichnographers are not at all careful in their horizontal bi-sections of "human organizations" as at present instituted and constituted. Still, regardless of protest, criticism, and virulent partisanship for the present order, the "new socialism" is becoming fashionable. And the man who never allows his feet to get moistened by any moral or immoral social wave, else the waters promise to bring him all the "slings and arrows" of good fortune, is become the virulent partisan of the "new social ichnography." The new (promised) order, seemingly is gathering to itself its Robespierres and Blondels—a fact that should, perhaps, scare socialists more than us. On the other hand the "new socialistic doctrinaires" are gathering around them an odd camp following of the ultra benevolent and sentimental individuals, who take these new dogmatic conjectures with the same faith they accepted the "older ones." These fail utterly to comprehend that "socialism" has merely pointed out certain

flaws in our present systems of distribution and recompense: but offers no "adequate" substitute other than paternalism, government pensions and government monopolies in general. So, if we are amused at the enthusiastic gentleman of the cloth who says: "For the first time the social student comes upon the fact that a scientific study of the causes and conditions of poverty and crime has in our age been adequately undertaken," no one should deny us our amusement. Again, the same proclaims that, "Social ideals are changing and with them a new political economy has arisen which centers in the rights and privileges of man." Don't believe him! For, as he adds: "Whether man should be free, there is no question; but whether man should be allowed to trade freely is open to question." In the question of freedom of man the two above propositions together are the negation of freedom. The logical consequences of two contrary propositions in one are not taught in theological seminaries. As Pharaoh said to the Israelites, "You may make all the bricks you wish; but for me only and without straw."

In truth we are told: "Make what you will, enjoy political and religious freedom; but I am the sole trader,

a monopolist in the new political economy, in the new social ideal." Some people really believe political economy to be an artifice of society, and not the working out of divine benevolence in barter, etc.

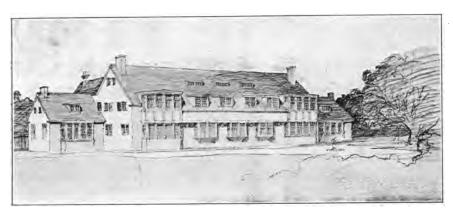
Now, what the gentleman truly meant was, that promised socialistic systems, which he considers scientific, promise a systems of state control, and a protective tariff that would adequately satisfy his benevolent ambitions. No doubt, he would not even refuse the crown of the new Pharaoh for himself. But I would fear him not. It would be the next in line, the Pharaoh whose heart is cold, whom we should fear.

A strange, old falacy, this idea that man is to regain the "Lost Paradise" in the institution monopolized by the State. Still common current comment is saturated with it. So common is the tendency that there must be some common source of supply that keeps up the steady flow. Some unfathomable instinct prompts that the source is our educational systems—our schoolhouses, to be more exact. And the suspicion grows apace when we are aware that a prominent "educator" has said: "The institutions men make are greater than man." Of course from the man who has said this we are only to

attribute it to an excess of modesty. Born in fortuitous conditions and eventually finding himself at the head of an institution he would call his "Alma Mater," nothing could come more natural to him than to pay this little tribute - to the institutions which seemed to have brought success to him. It was a personal remark, still an unfortunate one. For it is all too obvious that men's institutions are only means they have created to secure continuity in their activities. The only real active principle in any is the man who is ahead of the game. And if it so happens that the institution secures itself in any species of State ordinance, you can depend upon it that it will be taken over for mediocre interests, and that mediocre interests will interest themselves chiefly in destroying any individual expression or free exercise of mind. That a richly endowed institution, even when of a private or half-public nature, is almost as dangerous to liberty of action and speech as the other sort, is so obvious again that this phase also needs no comment.

However, the chief injustice to man coming through these "established institutions" lies in the fact that all such cease to be educational factors for progression, in the sense that men of positive genius find them but

besotted Alma Maters - dogmatic and yet timid educational mammas, so to speak. But this is not where the true crime and poverty breeding action begins. There is a secondary consequence. The long haired incompetent, learning that men of fair talent have received a disappointment at the hands of educational institutions, plunges wild. He is no different from the lamb scrambling into Wall street to get fleeced, or the man who is looking out for gold bricks to buy. Do these deserve our sympathies or the protection of special legislation? Not in the least. If Society reaches out its hand for the protection of such moral and intellectual incapacity, what would such action signify? Charity, of course! Does such action benefit society? No! Could we expect any sort of political economy to arise out of these social ideals? No! for all of them are antipathic to nature's economy. So the benevolent gentleman we have quoted has mistaken a system of taxation for the benefit of incapacity, for social economy? Surely, yes! Is it new and born of a new social ideal? Never! it is as old as the old crow which thought its brood white as snow. Is there a great new wave of righteousness overflowing America? I don't know; but there is one thing certain.



SCHOOL BUILDING.
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There are a lot of persons in America who have not found a balance yet, or a peg to hang their suspicions on, nor have they discovered the new. They merely iterate old truisms. That some men surmount opposition and survive "the fierce struggle for existence," where others succumb, is too true. That it is the duty of cultured society to reduce the friction of men's activities is also true — but it is not a new find. That it is often believed that the successful always reach a wealthy state by oppressing the weak is also true; but this prurient deduction is not new. That it is believed that a tariff levied on energy is good political economy is also true; still this is not a new belief. The new belief is that such taxation only aggravates an aggravating condition. The curious idea that if men who have the faculty for accumulating riches could be gotten rid of all men would get rich, is not new either. So we understand the kind gentleman, whom we have quoted before, when he enunciates the doctrine: "By law let us make the poor rich; by law let us succor the incompetent before the unfortunate, and feed him well from the public trough." These are not the exact words: but they are somewhat clearer than his. "Transfer all property

interests, tools, etc., to the State; create one vast monopoly, one charitable institution, with but one beneficiary in mind." Beautiful and noble. But how long would this State last?

Just so long as it took certain individuals and institutions in San Francisco to exhaust their insurance money after receiving it from the charitable institutions we call insurance companies. Insurance money in those days was like manna from the skies, and it went out of incompetents' hands like any other charitable gifts misplaced. As to State control! Why ask a San Franciscan what State institutions, activity is like? We weep at the thought of it. Spasms of grief come when we remember the Board of Public Works doing Market street. Tears flow out of the eyes like December floods, when we think of individuals "fiercely struggling" for liberation from the debris of disaster, unaided by the State and worried to distraction by officialdom. There never was a disaster just like ours, and there never were a people who were left so high in rubbish by their own "institution" to dig their way out. And yet one of our current commentors has said: "The people should fear capacity not incapacity." I would rather suffer the "slings and arrows" of

"outrageous landlords, trusts and public utilities corporations" than take the chances with the Robespierres and benevolence of the "new social ideal," and so would every other workman in San Francisco.

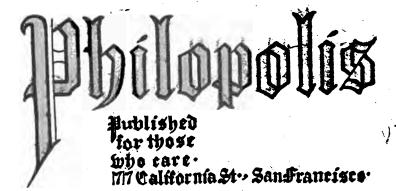
He knows perfectly well that there is not a single labor union leader or "captain of industry" living who has not arrived through sheer force of character; and if it were not for the fact that all institutions teach the principle of tooth for tooth, blood for blood, he knows that not one of them would have the slightest blot on his escutcheon. What he wants is not more law, more institutions; but the law of a square deal in operation and institutions with as much gumption in their management as he exercises in his own private business. And if there is another workman as honest as self, you can trust him, if that one is unfortunate, to care for him—without a single ignoble thought of bestowing charity. This is the true socialism.

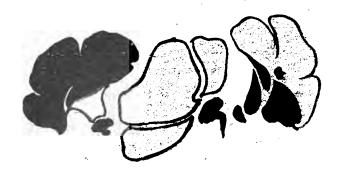


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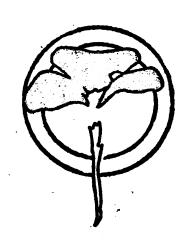
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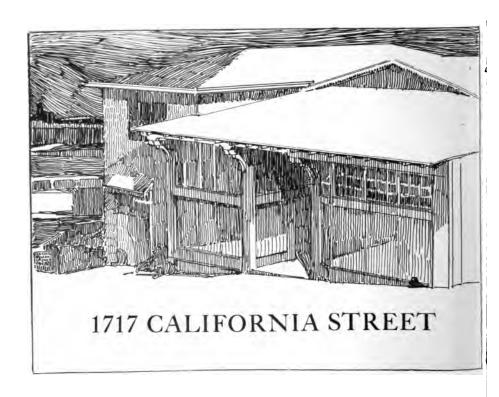
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